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ORDER

OF

WORSHIP,

FOR THE USE OF THE

SECOND

NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH

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ORDER OF WORSHIP.

The minister shall begin the service by reading one or more of the following sentences from the Holy Word.

ARISE and shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the LORD is risen upon thee. *Isa.* lx. 1.)

Behold, I stand at the door and knock: If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with me. (*Rev.* iii. 20.)

The spirit and the bride say, Come: And let him that heareth, say, Come: And let him that is athirst, Come: And whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely. (*Rev.* xxii. 17.)

The LORD loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. (*Ps.* lxxxvii. 2.)

Lift up your hands in the sanctuary, and bless the LORD. The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion. (*Ps.* cxxxiv. 2, 3.)

Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garment: as the dew of Hermon that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore. (*Ps.* cxxxiii.)

Behold, the LORD's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither is his ear heavy, that it cannot hear: but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you. (*Isa.* lix. 1, 2.)

O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain: O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God. (*Is.* xl. 9.)

It shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the LORD, shall be delivered: for in mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as the LORD hath said, and in the remnant whom the LORD shall call. (*Joel* ii. 32.)

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God: the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High. God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved. (*Ps.* xlvi. 4, 5.)

Behold, I create new heavens, and a new earth: and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind. But be ye glad and rejoice for ever in that which I create; for behold, I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy. (*Is.* lxv. 17, 18.)

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. (*Is.* lv. 1.)

[The minister, at his discretion, may read any other suitable portions of the Word, instead of these.]

[*Then shall be read the Ten Commandments.*]

NOW therefore hearken, O Israel, unto the statutes and judgments, which I teach you for to do, that ye may live, and go in and possess the land which the LORD God of your fathers giveth you. Ye shall not add to the word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish from it, that ye may keep the commandments of the LORD your God which I command you.

God spake all these words, saying,

(1.) I AM the LORD thy God, who have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. Thou shalt have no other gods before me. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness *of any thing* that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the LORD thy God am a zealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth *generation*, to them that hate me; and shewing mercy unto the thousanth *generation* of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

(2.) Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD thy God in vain; for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

(3.) Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the LORD thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-

servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath-day, and hallowed it.

(4.) Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

(5.) Thou shalt not kill.

(6.) Thou shalt not commit adultery.

(7.) Thou shalt not steal.

(8.) Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

(9.) Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house.

(10.) Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbours. (*Exodus*, xx.)

Then shall the minister say

O COME let us worship, let us fall down and kneel before the LORD our Maker.

Then all kneeling, the Lord's prayer shall be offered up; or such supplication as the minister may see proper.

OUR Father, who art in the heavens; hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, as in heaven, so also in earth. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our

debts, as we also forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but to deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. *Amen.*

Then shall be sung, a selection from the word: or where it cannot be conveniently sung, it shall be read. The people all standing.

After which shall follow a lesson from the word. Then shall all collections be made; after which shall be sung a hymn.

THEN SHALL THE SERMON BE DELIVERED.

The sermon being ended, one of the selections shall be sung, the people all standing. Then shall be offered up a thanksgiving, or if the Lord's prayer has not previously been used, it shall be here. Then shall be sung a hymn; and the service closed by the benediction.

THE LORD bless you and keep you; the LORD make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you; the LORD lift up his countenance upon you, and give you peace.

The grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, be with you all.—Amen.

The order of the Evening service shall be the same as the Morning, with the exception of the omission of the Ten Commandments.

SELECTIONS.

SELECTIONS.

Note.—The selections are arranged under three heads, viz:

1 *After Prayer.*
2 *After Sermon.*
3 *Particular Occasions.*

The selections under each head are numbered.

The minister stating the number of the selection to be used, the people can readily find it, as they will turn to the selections which the part of the service performing indicates: thus if the minister after prayer says, selection iii, *the people will turn to the selections appointed to be used after prayer. The particular selections are designed for all special occasions; and their use thus depends upon the sermon or special service, as baptism, &c. and are therefore to be used after sermon, or during the performance of some special service.*

SELECTIONS—AFTER PRAYER.

Sel. 1. *Ps.* LI.

1. HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness.

2. According to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

3. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

4. For I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me.

5. Against thee only have I sinned, and done evil in thy sight.

6. That thou mightest be justified when thou speakest; and be clear when thou judgest.

Sel. 2. *Ps.* LXII. 5.

1. My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.

2. He only is my rock and my salvation, my defence; I shall not be moved.

3. In God is my salvation and glory, the rock of my strength; my trust is in God.

4. Trust in him at all times ye people, pour out your heart before him.

Sel. 3. *Ps.* CXIX. 169.

1. Let my cry come before thee, O Lord; give me understanding according to thy word.

2. Let my supplication come before thee: deliver me according to thy word.

3. Let thy right hand help me, for I have chosen thy precepts.

4. Let my soul live, and it shall praise thee; and let thy judgments help me.

Sel. 4. *Ps.* CXIX. 35.

1. Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; for therein do I delight.

2. Incline my heart to thy testimonies, and not to covetousness.

3. Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity; quicken thou me in thy way.

4. Establish thy word to thy servant, that I may fear thee.

5. Behold, I have longed for thy precepts: quicken me in thy righteousness.

Sel. 5. *Ps.* CIII. 8.

1. THE LORD is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

2. He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger for ever.

3. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

4. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy towards them that fear him.

5. As far as is the east from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

6. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the LORD pitieth them that fear him.

7. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth we are but dust.

Sel. 6. *Ps.* XXVIII. 6.

1. BLESSED be the LORD; because he hath heard the voice of my supplications.

2. The LORD is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in him, and I am helped.

3. Therefore my heart rejoiceth greatly; and with my song will I praise him.

4. The LORD is their strength; and he is the saving strength of his anointed.

5. Save thy people, and bless their inheritance: feed them also, and lift them up for ever.

Sel. 7. *Ps.* XXXIII. 18.

1. BEHOLD, the eye of the LORD is upon them that fear him: upon them that hope in his mercy.

2. To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

3. Our soul waiteth for the LORD: he is our help and our shield.

4. For our heart shall rejoice in him: because we have trusted in his holy name.

5. Let thy mercy, O LORD, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

Sel. 8. *Luke* I. 46.

1. MY soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

2. For he that is mighty, hath done great things: and holy is his name.

3. And his mercy is on them that fear him, from generation to generation.

4. He hath shewed strength with his arm; he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.

5. He hath put down the mighty from their seats; and exalted them of low degree.

6. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and hath sent the rich empty away.

7. He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy.

Sel. 9. *Hab.* III. 17.

1. ALTHOUGH the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall there be fruit in the vines;

2. The labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat;

3. The flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and no herd shall be in the stalls:

4. Yet will I rejoice in the LORD; I will joy in the God of my salvation.

Sel. 10. *Ps.* CXXXVI.

1. O GIVE thanks to the LORD; for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

2. Who hath remembered us in our low estate: for his mercy endureth for ever.

3. And hath redeemed us from our enemies: for his mercy endureth for ever.

4. Who giveth food to all flesh: for his mercy endureth for ever.

5. O give thanks to the God of heaven: for his mercy endureth for ever.

Sel. 11. *Ps.* XCV.

1. O COME, let us sing unto the LORD; let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.

2. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving; and shew ourselves glad in him with psalms.

3. For the LORD is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4. In his hands are all the corners of the earth; and the strength of the hills is his also.

5. The sea is his, and he made it; and his hands prepared the dry land.

6. O come let us worship and fall down; and kneel before the LORD our Maker.

7. For he is the LORD our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

8. O worship the LORD in the beauty of holiness; let the whole earth stand in awe of him.

Sel. 13. *Ps.* XCVIII.

1. O SING unto the LORD a new song; for he hath done marvellous things:

2. With his own right hand, and with his holy arm, hath he gotten himself the victory.

3. The LORD declared his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of the heathen.

4. He hath remembered his mercy and truth toward the house of Israel; and all the ends of the world have seen the salvation of our God.

5. Shew yourselves joyful unto the LORD, all ye lands; sing, rejoice, and give thanks.

6. Praise the LORD upon the harp; sing to the harp with a psalm of thanksgiving.

7. With trumpets also and shawms, O show yourselves joyful before the LORD the King.

8. Let the sea make a noise, and all that therein is; the round world, and they that dwell therein.

9. Let the floods clap their hands; and let the hills be joyful together before the LORD: for he cometh to judge the earth.

10. With righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

Sel. 14. *Ps.* XCII.

1. IT is a good thing to give thanks unto the LORD, and to sing praises unto thy name, O Most Highest.

2. To tell of thy loving kindness early in the morning; and of thy truth in the night season.

3. Upon an instrument of ten strings, and upon the lute; upon a loud instrument, and upon the harp.

4. For thou, LORD, hast made me glad through

thy works; and I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations of thy hand.

Sel. 15. *Ps.* CXLV. 18.

1. THE LORD is nigh unto all them that call upon him: to all that call upon him in truth.

2. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.

3. The LORD preserveth all them that love him: but all the wicked will he destroy.

4. My mouth shall speak the praise of the LORD: and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and ever.

Sel. 16. *Ps.* CIII.

1. O SPEAK good of the LORD, all ye works of his, in all places of his dominion. Praise thou the LORD, O my soul.

2. Praise the LORD, O my soul, and all that is within me, praise his holy name.

3. Praise the LORD, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

4. Who forgiveth all thy sin, and healeth all thine infirmities.

5. Who saveth thy life from destruction, and crowneth thee with mercy and loving kindness.

6. O praise the LORD, ye angels of his, ye that excel in strength; ye that fulfil his commandments, and hearken unto the voice of his word.

7. O praise the LORD, all ye his hosts, ye servants of his that do his pleasure.

Sel. 17. *Ps.* LXXXVIII.

1. O LORD God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before thee.

2. Let my prayer come before thee: incline thine ear unto my cry.

3. For my soul is full of troubles, and my life draweth nigh unto the grave.

Sel. 18. *Ps.* CXLV. 8.

1. THE LORD is gracious and full of compassion; slow to anger and of great mercy.

2. The LORD is good to all: and his tender mercies are over all his works.

3. All thy works shall praise thee, O LORD; and all thy saints shall bless thee.

4. They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power.

5. To make known to the sons of men his mighty acts, and the glorious majesty of his kingdom.

6. Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion through all generations.

AFTER SERMON.

Sel. 1. *Ps.* CXXII.

1. I WAS glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the LORD.

2. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem: Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.

3. Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the LORD, a testimony to Israel, to give thanks to the name of the LORD.

4. For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

5. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that do love thee.

6. Peace be within thy walls: prosperity within thy palaces.

7. For my brethren and companions sake, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

8. Because of the house of the LORD our God, I will seek thy good.

Sel. 2. *Ps.* XIX. 7.

1. THE law of the LORD is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the LORD is sure, making wise the simple.

2. The statutes of the LORD are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the LORD is pure, enlightening the eyes.

3. The fear of the LORD is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the LORD are true and righteous altogether.

4. Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O LORD, my strength and my Redeemer.

Sel. 3. *Rev.* XII. 10.

1. Now is come the salvation, and the strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of his Christ.

2. For the accuser of our brethren is cast down, who accused them before God, day and night.

3. And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony; and they loved not their lives unto death.

4. For this let the heavens rejoice, and those that dwell in them.

5. Amen; hallelujah, salvation, and glory, and honour, and power, to the LORD our God; for true and righteous are his judgments.

Sel. 4. *Isa.* II. 3.

1. COME ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the LORD, to the house of the God of Jacob;

2. And he will teach us of his way, and we will walk in his paths;

3. For out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the LORD from Jerusalem.

4. And he shall judge among the nations; and shall rebuke many people:

5. And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks:

6. Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

7. But they shall sit, every man under his vine, and under his fig tree; and none shall make afraid.

8. O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the LORD.

Sel. 5. *Rev.* XXII. 17.

1. THE bread of God is he that cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world.

2. And the spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth, say, Come:

3. And let him that is athirst, come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Sel. 6. *Ps.* CIII. 19.

1. THE LORD hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

2. Bless ye the LORD, his angels that excel in strength;

3. That do his commandments, hearkening to the voice of his word.

4. Bless ye the LORD, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his that do his pleasure.

5. Bless the LORD all his works, in all places of his dominion.

Sel. 7. *Rev.* VII. 10.

1. SALVATION to our God, who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb.

2. Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might,

3. Be to our God, for ever and ever, Amen.

Sel. 8. *Rev.* IV. 8.

1. HOLY, Holy, Holy, LORD God Almighty, who was, and who is, and who is to come:

2. Thou art worthy, O LORD, to receive glory, and honour, and power:

3. For thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.

Sel. 9. *Deut.* V. 24.

1. BEHOLD, the LORD God hath shewed us his glory, and his greatness.

2. And we have heard his voice out of the midst of the fire:

3. We have seen this day that God doth talk with man, and he liveth.

Sel. 10. *Ps.* LXXXIX. 15.

1. BLESSED is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O LORD, in the light of thy countenance.

2. In thy name shall they rejoice all the day; and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

3. For thou art the glory of their strength, and in thy favour our horn shall be exalted.

4. For the LORD is our defence; and the Holy One of Israel our King.

Sel. 11. *Ps.* LXVII. 1.

1. GOD be merciful to us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us.

2. That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

3. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

4. O let the people be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

5. Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

6. The earth shall yield her increase: God our own God, shall bless us.

7. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

Sel. 12. *Ps.* CXLVII. 12.

1. PRAISE the LORD, O Jerusalem: praise thy God, O Zion:

2. For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

3. He maketh thy borders peace, he filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

4. He sendeth forth his commandment to the earth: his word runneth very swiftly.

5. He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel.

6. He hath not dealt so with any nation: and his judgments, they have not known them:

Praise ye the LORD.

Sel. 13. *Ps.* CXI.

1. I WILL praise the LORD with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright and the congregation.

2. The works of the LORD are great; sought out of them that have pleasure therein.

3. His work is honourable and glorious: and his righteousness endureth for ever.

4. He made his wonderful works to be remembered: the LORD is gracious and full of compassion.

5. He hath given meat to them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

Sel. 14. *Ps.* CIV.

1. BLESS the LORD, O my soul: O LORD my God, thou art very great.

2. Thou art clothed with honour and majesty: who covereth thyself with light as a garment.

3. Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters;

4. Who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind;

5. Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire.

Sel. 15. *Isa.* LII. 7.

1. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace:

2. That bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith to Zion, Thy God reigneth.

3. Thy watchmen shall lift up their voice; with the voice together shall they sing:

4. For they shall see eye to eye, when the LORD shall bring again Zion.

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS.

BAPTISM.

Sel. 1. *Ps.* CXIV.

1. WHEN Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob, from a people of strange language,

2. Judah was his sanctuary, Israel his dominion.

3. The sea saw and fled; Jordan was driven back.

4. The mountains skipped like rams, the little hills like lambs.

5. Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the LORD, at the presence of the God of Jacob.

6. Who turned the rock into a standing water; the flint into a fountain of waters.

Sel. 2. *Ps.* LI. 10.

1. CREATE in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

2. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

3. Restore to me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit.

4. Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Sel. 3. *Ps.* LI. 15.

1. O LORD, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

2. For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

3. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Sel. 4. *Ps.* XV.

1. LORD, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle? or who shall rest upon thy holy hill?

2. Even he that leadeth an incorrupt life, and speaketh the truth from his heart:

3. Whoso doeth these things shall never fail.

LORD'S SUPPER.

Sel. 1. *Ps.* CII. 16.

1. THOU, O LORD, shalt endure for ever, and thy remembrance to all generations.

2. When the LORD shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory.

3. He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.

4. This shall be written for the generation to come; and the people who shall be created shall praise the LORD.

5. For he hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary; from heaven did the LORD behold the earth;

6. To hear the groaning of the prisoner, to loose those that are appointed to death;

7. To declare the name of the LORD in Zion, and his praise in Jerusalem;

8. When the people are gathered together, and the kingdoms to serve the LORD.

Sel. 2. *Ps.* XXXIII. 18.

1. BEHOLD, the eye of the LORD is upon them that fear him; upon them that hope in his mercy.

2. To deliver their soul from death, and to keep them alive in famine.

3. Our soul waiteth for the LORD; he is our help and our shield:

4. For our heart shall rejoice in him; because we have trusted in his holy name.

5. Let thy mercy, O LORD, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

Sel. 3. *Rev.* I. 5.

1. UNTO him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood;

2. And hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever, Amen:

3. Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they who pierced him.

FUNERAL.

Sel. 1. *Rev.* XIV. 13.

1. BLESSED are the dead who die in the LORD from henceforth.

2. Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow with them.

3. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection, upon such the second death hath no power.

4. But they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years.

Sel. 2. *Ps.* XXXIII. 18.

1. BEHOLD, the eye of the LORD is upon them that fear him; upon them that hope in his mercy.

2. To deliver their soul from death; and to keep them alive in famine.

3. Our soul waiteth for the LORD: he is our help and our shield:

4. For our heart shall rejoice in him; because we have trusted in his holy name.

5. Let thy mercy, O LORD, be upon us, according as we hope in thee.

Sel. 3. *Ps.* CII.

1. HEAR my prayer, O LORD, and let my cry come unto thee.

2. My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass.

3. I said, O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days: thy years are through all generations.

4. Hide not thy face from me in the day wherein I am in trouble.

5. For my days are consumed as smoke, and my bones are burned as an hearth.

Sel. 4. *Ps.* CXXI.

1. I WILL lift up mine eyes to the hills, from whence cometh help.

2. My help is from the LORD, who made heaven and earth.

3. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5. The LORD is thy keeper; the LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6. The sun shall not smite thee by day, neither the moon by night.

7. The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul.

8. The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in, from this time forth and for ever more.

CHRISTMAS.

Sel. 1. *Luke* II. 8.

1. AND there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night:

2. And lo, the angel of the LORD came upon them; and the glory of the LORD shone round about them;

3. And they were sore afraid; and the angel said unto them, Fear not;

4. For behold, I bring you good tidings, of great joy which shall be to all people.

5. For unto you in the city of David, is born this day, a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord.

6. And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

7. And suddenly there was with the angel, a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

8. Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace: among men good will.

Sel. 2. *Luke* I. 68.

1. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for he hath visited and redeemed his people;

2. And hath raised up a mighty salvation for us, in the house of his servant David:

3. As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began;

4. That we should be saved from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us.

Sel. 3. *Ps.* LXXII.

1. Blessed be the Lord God, the God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.

2. And men shall be blessed in him; all nations shall call him blessed.

3. He shall redeem their soul from deceit and violence; and precious shall their blood be in his sight.

4. He shall spare the poor and needy; and shall save the souls of the needy.

5. His name shall endure for ever; his name shall be continued as long as the sun.

6. Yea, all kings shall fall down before him; all nations shall serve him.

7. He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth.

Sel. 4. *Mark* XI. 9.

1. HOSANNA; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the LORD. Blessed be the kingdom of our Father David, that cometh in the name of the LORD. Hosanna in the highest.

EASTER AND ASCENSION.

Sel. 1. *Ps.* XXIV. 7.

1. LIFT up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.

2. Who is the King of Glory? The LORD strong and mighty, the LORD mighty in battle.

3. Lift up your heads, O ye gates, even lift up ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in.

4. Who is this King of Glory? The LORD of hosts, he is the King of Glory. Selah.

Sel. 2. *Ps.* XLVII. 5.

1. GOD is gone up with a shout, the LORD with the sound of a trumpet.

2. Sing praises unto God, sing praises; sing praises unto our King, sing praises.

3. For God is the King of all the earth; sing ye praises with understanding.

4. God reigneth over the heathen; God sitteth upon the throne of his holiness.

5. O clap your hands, all ye people: shout unto God with a voice of triumph.

Sel. 3. *Ps.* LXVIII.

1. SING praises unto God, sing praises to his name; extol him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JAH, and rejoice before him.

2. O God, when thou wentest forth before thy people, when thou didst march through the wilderness:

3. The earth shook, the heavens also dropped at the presence of God; at the presence of God, the God of Israel.

4. Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for men.

5. He that is our God is the God of salvation, and unto GOD the LORD belong the issues from death.

6. Sing unto God ye kingdoms of the earth: O sing praises unto the LORD, to him that rideth upon the heaven of heavens.

NEW YEAR.

Sel. 1. *Ps.* CXLVIII.

1. PRAISE ye the LORD from the heavens; praise ye him in the heights.

2. Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him all his hosts.

3. Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him all ye stars of light.

4. Praise him ye heaven of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

5. Let them praise the name of the LORD: for he commanded and they were created.

6. He also hath established them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

7. He also exalteth the horn of his people; the praise of all his saints;

8. Of the children of Israel; a people near to him. Praise ye the LORD.

Sel. 2. *Ps.* CV.

1. O GIVE thanks to the LORD; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people.

2. Sing unto him, sing psalms unto him; talk ye of all his wondrous works.

3. Glory ye in his holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the LORD.

4. He is the LORD our God; his judgments are in all the earth.

5. He hath remembered his covenant for ever; the word he commanded to a thousand generations.

6. Blessed be the name of the LORD, from this time forth and for ever more.

Sel. 3. *Ps.* CVII.

1. O THAT men would praise the LORD for his goodness; and for his wonderful works to the children of men!

2. Let them exalt him also in the congregation of the people, and praise him in the assembly of the elders.

3. He turned the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water springs.

4. And there he maketh the hungry to dwell; that they may prepare a city for a habitation.

Sel. 4. *Ps.*

1. I WILL extol thee, my God, O King; and I will bless thy name for ever and ever.

2. Every day will I bless thee; and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.

3. Great is the LORD, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable.

4. One generation shall praise thy works to another, and shall declare thy mighty acts.

5. I will speak of the glorious honour of thy majesty, and of thy wondrous works.

6. And men shall speak of the might of thy terrible acts; and I will declare thy greatness.

CHIEF

ARTICLES OF FAITH

OF THE

NEW CHURCH.

The Heavenly Doctrines of the New Jerusalem teach,

(1.) THAT JEHOVAH GOD, the Creator and Preserver of heaven and earth, is essential love and essential wisdom, or essential good and essential truth: That he is One both in essence and in person, in whom nevertheless is a Divine Trinity, consisting of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, like soul, body, and operation in man; And that the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is that God.

(2.) That Jehovah God descended as Divine Truth, which is the Word, (nevertheless he did not separate therefrom the Divine Good) and took upon him human nature, for the purpose of subduing and removing the powers of darkness, of restoring the spiritual world to order, of preparing the way for a New Church upon earth, and thereby of accomplishing the great work of redemption; That through the process of sufferings and temptations he also glorified his Humanity, by uniting it with his essential Divinity; And that all who believe in him with the heart, with the understanding, and in the life, will be saved.

(3.) That the Word of the Lord, or Sacred Scripture, was written by divine inspiration;

that it contains three distinct senses, celestial, spiritual, and natural, which are united by correspondences; and that in each sense it is divine truth, accommodated respectively to the angels of the three heavens, and also to men on earth. Now since the Lord and his Word are one, and since thereby man is conjoined to heaven, it is highly necessary, that the genuine books of the Word be distinguished from all other writings whatever. The following, therefore, are acknowledged as constituting the perfect and complete Canon of Holy Scripture: In the Old Testament, the five books of Moses, called Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy; the book of Joshua, the book of Judges, the two books of Samuel, the two books of Kings, the Psalms of David; the Prophets, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Lamentations. Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi: And in the New Testament, the four Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John; and the Apocalypse.

(4.) That all evils, whether of affection, of thought, or of life, ought to be shunned as sins against God, because they proceed from the devil, that is, from hell, and destroy in man the capacity of enjoying the happiness of heaven. But that, on the other hand, good affections, good thoughts, and good actions, ought to be cherished and performed, because they are of God, and from God: and that every act of love and charity, of justice and equity, both towards

society in general, and towards individuals in particular, ought to be done by man *as* of himself; nevertheless under the acknowledgment and belief, that they are *really* and *truly* from the Lord, operating in him and by him.

(5.) That immediately on the death of the material body (which will never be re-assumed) man rises again as to his spiritual or substantial body, wherein he exists in a perfect human form, with every faculty both of mind and body, which he before enjoyed: thus that death is no other than an entrance into the spiritual world, and a continuation of life, which will be happy or miserable to eternity, according to the ruling love acquired in this present world, and it's conformity or non-conformity to the divine truths of the Holy Word: For every man in particular is judged after death either to heaven or to hell, according to the deeds done in the body, that is, according to his past life, whether it has been good or evil.

(6.) But that, with respect to children, dying before they come to the use of reason, and the exercise of judgment, all such, whether baptized or unbaptized, whether within the christian church or without it, and whether they be the offspring of godly or of ungodly parents, are received into heaven by the Lord, and after instruction, or improvement in understanding and wisdom, participate in all the happiness and perfection of angels.

(7.) That adequate means of salvation are, by the divine mercy and providence of the Lord,

extended to all of the human race without exception; and consequently that men of every persuasion or denomination upon the face of the earth, whether they be Christians, Jews, Mahometans, or Pagans, may be saved, if they live in mutual love and charity from religious motives, according to the best of their knowledge and understanding. But that nevertheless the new and true christian religion, inasmuch as it is more immediately derived from our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who is the One Only God of heaven and earth, is of all religions the most capable of effecting close and intimate conjunction with him; and on that account is to be esteemed more excellent, more heavenly, and more divine, than any other.

(8.) That every event or occurrence in human life, whether of prosperity or of adversity, is under the immediate superintendance and direction of the Divine Providence; and that nothing does or can befal man, either in his collective or his individual capacity, but what even in the most minute, as well as the more important circumstances attending it, is made to contribute, in a way known only to Infinite Wisdom, to his final benefit and advantage.

(9.) That true conjugial love, which can only exist between One Husband and One Wife, is a primary characteristic of the New Church, being founded in the marriage or conjunction of good and truth, and corresponding with the marriage of the Lord and his church; and therefore it is

more celestial, spiritual, holy, pure, and clean, than any other love in angels or men.

(10.) That man is not life in himself, but only a recipient of life from the Lord, who alone is life in himself; which life is communicated by influx to all in the spiritual world, whether in heaven, or in hell, or in the intermediate state called the world of spirits, and to all in the natural world; but is received differently by each, according to the quality of the recipient subject.

(11.) That the last judgment, so frequently spoken of in the Gospels and in the Apocalypse, being a separation of the evil from the good in the spiritual world, where theretofore they had been collected and mixed in society together, from the time of the Lord's first advent into the world, till the time of his second advent, was actually accomplished in the year 1757; when the former heaven, and the former earth, or the Old Church, passed away, according to the Scriptures, and the foundation of a New Church was laid, wherein all things are become new.

(12.) That therefore, as an act of divine mercy towards the human race, who would otherwise have perished in eternal death, the second advent of the Lord has already taken place, and still continues in the present day; being a coming, not in person, but in the power and glory of the spiritual sense of his holy Word, which is Himself: And thus that the holy city, New Jerusalem, is now descending from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her Husband.

HYMNS.

THE LORD.

No. 1.—C. M.

1 HE who on earth as man was known,
And bore our griefs and pains,
Now seated on th' eternal throne,
The God of glory reigns.

2 The circling spheres their orbits keep,
By his directing hand;
The heav'ns he rules, the raging deep
Is still at his command.

3 O then, while angels sing his praise
In heavenly worlds above,
Let us on earth prolong the lays
Of gratitude and love.

No. 2.—L. M.

1 JEHOVAH Jesus, Lord alone,
Who reignest on th' eternal throne,
We bless thy name, and worship thee,
In thy Divine Humanity.

2 Thou art the God our souls adore!
We worship other gods no more;
Thou hast revealed thy deity,
In thy Divine Humanity.

3 In human form divine, O Lord,
We hail thee as th' Incarnate Word,

And bow before the majesty,
Of thy Divine Humanity.

4 Be all thy name by us ador'd,
Jehovah, Jesus, God, and Lord!
For all the boundless Deity
Centers in thy Humanity.

5 We worship thee! in thee we boast
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
The one Jehovah God we see
In thy Divine Humanity.

No. 3.—C. M.

1 SOME seraph lend your heav'nly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,
Help me to raise a lofty song,
To our eternal King!

2 We would, great God, exalt thy name,
Thy majesty make known;
We would thy goodness loud proclaim,
And worship thee alone.

3 Thine esse is a vast abyss,
Where finite thought is drown'd;
An ocean of infinities,
For angels too profound.

4 But cloth'd with human form divine,
Thine essence brought to view,
How mildly thy perfections shine,
With glories ever new.

5 We view the Father in the Son,
In thee, Incarnate Word!
Thine essence and thy person one,
Jehovah, Jesus, Lord.

DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

No. 4.—C. M.

1 COME ye that know Immanuel's name,
And raise your thoughts above;
Let every heart and voice unite
To sing—that God is love!

2 This precious truth his Word reveals,
And all his mercies prove;
Creation and redemption join
To shew—that God is love.

3 His patience, bearing much and long
With those who from him rove,
His kindness when he leads them home,
Both mark—that God is love.

4 The work begun, is carried on,
By pow'r from heav'n above;
And every step, from first to last,
Declares—that God is love.

5 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove,
'Till nobler songs, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim—that God is love.

No. 5.—7*s*.

1 HARK! my soul, it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Saviour! hear his word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
"Say poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

2 He deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 Can a mother's tender care
Cease to guard the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will He remember thee.

4 His is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Stronger than the arm of death.

5 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint:
Yet I love thee, and adore;
Help me, Lord, to love thee more.

No. 6.—L. M.

1 BLEST in Himself, ere time began,
And with eternal glory crown'd,
What moved the Infinite to plan
Creation's mighty work around?

2 'Twas love divine inspired his breast,
(That love whence all his creatures live)
To render conscious beings blest,
With all the joys himself could give.

3 What mov'd our God, enthron'd on high,
To come and dwell in flesh below?
'Twas love divine that brought him nigh,
To save mankind from endless wo.

4 Wisdom, the great salvation plann'd,
The moving cause was Love Divine:
Lord, in the wonders of thy hand,
Wisdom and Love united shine!

No. 7—P. M.

1 HAPPY soul, secure from harm,
Guarded by thy Shepherd's arm,
Who thy quiet can molest,
Who can violate thy rest?
Jesus doth the spirit bear,
Far removes each anxious care.

2 Shepherd, with thy tend'rest love,
Guide me to the fold above!
Let me hear thy gentle voice;
More and more in thee rejoice;
From thy fulness grace receive;
Ever in thy spirit live.

3 Fill'd by thee my cup o'erflows,
For thy love no limit knows;
Guardian angels, ever nigh,
Lead and draw my soul on high;
Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps will attend.

No. 8.—C. M.

1 O HOLY LORD, thy name to me
Is dearer than my all;
All I would sacrifice to thee,
And at thy footstool fall.

2 Not worlds, nor all therein, can give
My soul substantial good;
In thee, while yet on earth I live,
I find celestial food.

3 Thy name is music to my ears
Whene'er my soul 's distress'd;

It soothes my sorrows, calms my fears,
And sets my heart at rest.

4 Thy love to me for ever flows,
Thy truth becomes my guide;
I rise above my fears and foes;
My wants are all supplied.

5 A song of praise to thee is due,
Eternal praise be thine;
Accept, thou Holy, Just, and True,
This humble song of mine.

INCARNATION.

No. 9.—P. M.

1 THE LORD is come! Immanuel 's born!
All hail the glorious, joyful morn!
Behold the Lamb! his name extol,
Divinely welcome to the soul!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful soul!

2 The angels' golden harps are strung,
Glory, good will, and peace are sung;
Saints join the chorus, bear your part,
And welcome Jesus, ev'ry heart!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome Jesus, ev'ry heart!

3 Immanuel, Jesus, dearest name,
May heav'n and earth thy praise proclaim;
Mercy and peace we thankful prove,
And hail thee welcome, God of love!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome Jesus, God of love!

No. 10.—C. M.

1 HE 's come! let strains of rapture roll
From world to world along,
'Till vast creation's boundless whole,
Shall hear and join the song.
Ye distant orbs, through boundless space,
With all your nations sing!
Rise, universal nature! praise
Your only God and King!

2 Kings, potentates, dominions, thrones,
Cast all your honours down!
Reign, reign, Immanuel, reign alone,
And wear the royal crown!
Unnumber'd worlds, with earth and heav'n,
Loud hallelujahs sing;
Praise, honour, power, to thee be giv'n,
The true and only King!

No. 11.—C. M.

1 'TIS time, my soul, and more than time,
To turn from sin away;
Then bid to ev'ry ling'ring crime,
A last adieu to-day.

2 To-day the Lord of earth and skies
Thy flesh and nature bore;
Rise, then, with holy ardour, rise
Resolv'd to sin no more.

3 Glory to Jesu's sacred name,
Who all my sorrows bore!
For this great end the Saviour came,
That I should sin no more.

4 Yes! God who reigns in worlds of bliss,
Where holy hosts adore,
Was born and glorified in this
That I should sin no more.

5 Thee, holy Saviour, dearest name,
We own, we love, adore!
And while thy honours we proclaim,
Would go and sin no more.

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

No. 12.—7s.

1 ANGEL, roll the rock away!
Death, yield up thy mighty prey!
See! He rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour! angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise!
Let the world's remotest bound
Hear the joy inspiring sound!

3 Shout, ye saints, in rapt'rous song!
Let the strains be sweet and strong!
Hail the rising God this morn,
From his sepulchre new born!

4 Pow'rs of heav'n, seraphic choirs,
Sing, and strike your sounding lyres!
Sons of men, in humble strain,
Sing your mighty Saviour's reign!

5 Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy boasted sting?

No. 13.—C. M.

1 THIS is the day when Jesus rose
Triumphant from the grave,
To crown the conquest o'er his foes,
The human race to save.

2 This is the day, that beaming bright,
With sev'nfold radiance crown'd,
Brought immortality to light,
And Satan captive bound.

3 To thee, O Lord, the humble voice,
Of gratitude we raise;
In all thy triumphs we rejoice,
And sing the song of praise.

4 And while thine all victorious arm
To celebrate we join,
May mutual love each bosom warm,
Inspir'd by love divine.

5 O may we die to sin, and prove
Our resurrection sure
To bliss immortal, where thy love
For ever shall endure!

No. 14.—C. M.

1 GOD is gone up with shouts of joy,
With trumpets' cheerful sound;
To be the Lord exalted high,
With songs of glory crown'd!

2 Sing praises, brethren! praises sing!
Sing praises to our God!
Sing praises to our heav'nly King,
And spread his fame abroad!

3 Now seated on his heav'nly throne,
Jesus for ever reigns;
And governs by his arm alone,
Creation's wide domains.

4 Let heav'n and earth confess his sway!
Exalted be the Lord!
Jehovah Jesus we 'll obey,
Our God, alone ador'd.

REDEMPTION.

No. 15.—P. M.

1 LOUD to the King of heav'n
Your cheerful voices raise;
To him your vows be giv'n,
Fill all his courts with praise!
Adore, O earth!
Beaming with grace, to save your race,
He issues forth.

2 Gird on thy conq'ring sword,
Ascend thy shining car,
And march, Almighty Lord,
To wage thy holy war!
Before his wheels
In glad surprise, ye vallies rise!
And sink, ye hells!

3 Truth, meekness, righteousness,
Thy majesty display,
And round thy chariot press,
To spread thy gentle sway.
Thro' Zion's land,
O prosp'rous ride! none can abide,
Thy strong right hand.

4 Here to my willing soul
Bend thy triumphant way!
Here ev'ry foe controul,
And all thy pow'r display!
Before thy throne,
Bless'd Jesus, see, I bow to thee,
To thee alone!

No. 16.—P. M.

1 BEHOLD, behold yon angel-band,
In bright array, on Zion stand,
And with enraptur'd seraphs sing
"Worthy the Lamb" in noblest strains;
"Jesus, our great Immanuel, reigns,
"The Saviour Christ, the Mighty King!"

2 What equal songs can mortals bring,
Meet for the triumphs of their King,
Meet for Redemption's blissful theme?
"Worthy the Lamb," shall still resound!"
While echo bears the notes around
'Till all creation catch the sound.

3 Jesus, to thee our grateful tongues
Thro' time shall raise harmonious songs,
With inward extacy of soul:
"Worthy the Lamb" shall be our cry
With myriads of the blest on high,
Long as eternal ages roll.

No. 17.—L. M.

1 JEHOVAH, (O what wond'rous love!)
Came down himself from heav'n above;
Our sinful nature took by birth,
And dwelt as Man with men on earth.

2 His manhood tempted, scorn'd, betray'd,
By suff'rings dire was perfect made;
Then rais'd to glory all divine,
He crown'd redemption's grand design!

SECOND ADVENT.

No. 18.—C. M.

1 BEHOLD the God of truth and might,
Jehovah, Jesus, Lord!
He comes! and beams of heav'nly light
Reveal him in his word.

2 The Son of man and God of heav'n,
On clouds now makes his way;
To him are pow'r and glory giv'n,
And boundless is his sway.

3 His kingdom must for ever stand,
Our God for ever reign;
His church, supported by his hand,
Eternal shall remain.

4 O happy kingdom! blessed state,
Where Jesus reigns alone!
We enter, Lord, thy Zion's gate,
And thee our Saviour own.

No. 19.—P. M.

1 JERUSALEM proclaim abroad
The blissful tidings! say, "The Lord
A second time comes down!"
He who for thy redemption fought,
Whose strong right hand salvation brought,
Assumes the royal crown.

2 Behold! the mighty God appears!
The night recedes, the morning clears,
And glory decks the plains:
Darkness no longer dims the sight,
It flies before the heav'nly light,
And truth triumphant reigns.

PROVIDENCE.

No. 20.—L. M.

1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills above the skies;
Thence all her help my soul derives
There my Almighty Refuge lives.

2 He lives! the everlasting God,
Who spread the heav'ns and earth abroad,
Who guides my feet, and watchful keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

3 My soul, thy keeper is the Lord,
The God by heav'n and earth ador'd;
He 'll shade thy head from scorching heat;
No error shall misguide thy feet.

4 O'er thee infernals have no pow'r;
And in thy last departing hour,
Angels shall visit thine abode,
And bear thee homeward to thy God.

No. 21.—7s.

1 JESUS, Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise;
All my times are in thy hand,
All my states at thy command.

2 Times of sickness and of health,
Times of penury and wealth,
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief,

3 Times, temptation's pow'r to prove,
Times to taste of heav'nly love;
All, as means appointed, tend
To promote a blessed end.

4 Plagues and death around me fly,
But my Saviour, God is nigh:
Him I trust; on him I call:
Jesus is my all in all.

No. 22.—L. M.

1 THOU LAMB of God, thou Prince of peace,
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine:
My love, my faith, my hope increase,
And let me in thy likeness shine.

2 Close by thy side, O keep me still,
Howe'er life's various current flow,
With steadfast eye to mark thy will,
And follow thee where'er I go.

3 Thou, Lord, the dreadful fight hast won;
Alone hast thou the wine-press trod:
Thy hand shall lead me safely on:
Mighty to save, art thou, my God!

No. 23.—C. M.

1 STILL in the Lord thy God confide,
Depend upon his pow'r;
Thro' gloomy night he 'll be thy guide,
And cheer thy darkest hour.

2 In him is all thy strength and stay;
He keeps thy soul secure;
In all thy dark and dang'rous way,
His kind protection 's sure.

3 He never did nor will forsake
The souls that love his Word;
Then in his pow'r fresh courage take,
And trust the mighty Lord.

4 Tho' foes infernal may surround,
Or sorrow's waves run high,
In him deliv'rance shall be found,
The faithful shall not die.

THE WORD.

No. 24.—L. M.

1 WHEN Israel thro' the desert pass'd,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them thro' the dreary waste,
And lessen the fatigues they bore.

2 Such is the glorious Word of God;
'Tis for our light and guidance given:
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And points the way to bliss and heav'n.

3 It fills the soul with sweet delight,
And quickens its inactive pow'rs;
It sets our wand'ring footsteps right,
Displays His love, and kindles ours.

4 Its promises rejoice the heart,
Its doctrines are divinely true;
Knowledge and pleasure it imparts,
It comforts and instructs us too.

5 Ye favour'd lands, blest with this Word,
Ye saints, who feel its saving pow'r,
Unite your tongues to praise the Lord,
And his distinguished grace adore.

No. 25.—L. M.

1 HO! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
Come to the fount that springs above:
Mercy and free salvation buy,
Buy wine and milk, buy truth and love.

2 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners obey your Maker's voice!
Return, ye weary wand'rers, home,
And in redeeming love rejoice!

3 See from the rock the fountain rise!
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money you need not bring, nor price;
'Tis free to humble, contrite souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all ye have and are behind;
Freely the gift of God receive,
With grateful heart and lowly mind.

No. 26.—P. M.

1 SEE from Zion's sacred mountain
Streams of living water flow!
God has open'd there a fountain;
This supplies the plains below:
They are blessed
Who its sov'reign virtues know.

2 Thro' ten thousand channels flowing,
Streams of mercy find their way;
Life and health, and joy bestowing,
They the Saviour's love display:
O ye nations,
Hail the long expected day!

3 Gladden'd by the flowing treasure,
All enriching as it goes,
Lo! the desert smiles with pleasure,
Buds and blossoms as the rose:
Ev'ry object
Sings for joy, where'er it flows.

4 Trees of life, the banks adorning,
Yield their fruit to all around;
They who eat are sav'd from mourning,
Pleasures spring, and hopes abound:
Fair their portion,
Endless life with glory crown'd.

THE CHURCH.

No. 27.—C. M.

1 ZION, the city of our God,
How glorious is the place!
There Jesus has his fix'd abode,
There he unveils his face.

2 Firm against ev'ry adverse shock,
Its mighty bulwarks stand;
'Tis built upon the living rock,
Secur'd by God's right hand.

3 There all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die;
And streams of truth and knowledge flow,
The soul to satisfy.

4 Come set your faces Zion-ward,
The sacred road enquire!
And let conjunction with the Lord
Be your supreme desire!

5 The Word still shines to give you light,
No longer then delay!
Jesus your God will guide you right,
To everlasting day.

No. 28.—P. M.

1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken!
"O my people, faint and few,
"Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
"Fair abodes I build for you;
"Thorns of heart-felt tribulation,
"Shall no more perplex your way;
"You shall name your walls, Salvation,
"And your gates shall all be Praise.

2 "Ye no more your suns descending,
"Waning moons, no more shall see;
"But your griefs for ever ending,
"Find eternal noon in me.
"I, Jehovah, shining o'er you,
"Will disperse the gloom of night;
"I, the Lord, will be your glory,
"I your everlasting light."

No. 29.—P. M.

1 NONE is like Jeshurun's God,
So great, so strong, so high:
Lo, he spreads his wings abroad,
He rides upon the sky.
Israel is his first-born son,
God, th' Almighty God, is thine;
See him to thy help come down,
The excellence divine!

2 Thee the great Jehovah deigns
To succour and defend;
Thee th' eternal God sustains,
Thy Maker and thy Friend.
Israel, what hast thou to dread?
Safe from all impending harms,
Round thee and beneath, are spread,
The everlasting arms.

3 Blest, O Israel, blest art thou;
What people is like thee?
Sav'd and kept by Jesus, now
Thou art, and still shalt be.
Jesus is thy sev'nfold shield;
Jesus is thy flaming sword;
Earth and hell and sin shall yield
To his Almighty Word.

LORD's DAY.

No. 30.—L. M.

1 HAIL! ever cheerful, welcome day!
O may thy rising morn be blest;
My soul would cast her cares away,
And taste the sweets of sacred rest.

2 I love thy house; I love the road,
Almighty Lord, that leads to thee;
Regardless of this cumb'rous load
Of sense and dull mortality.

3 Eternal wisdom, fill my soul
With pure devotion, heav'nly love;
May sacred truth my sins controul,
And lift my thoughts to joys above.

No. 31.—L. M.

1 GREAT GOD, this sacred day of thine
Demands our soul's collected pow'rs:
May we employ in work divine,
These solemn, these devoted hours!

2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
Where God resides, appear no more!
Omniscient Lord, thy piercing eye
Can ev'ry secret thought explore.

3 The word of life, dispens'd to day,
Invites us to a heav'nly feast:
May ev'ry ear the call obey,
Be ev'ry heart an humble guest.

No. 32.—P. M.

1 TO thee, my God, this sacred day,
Will I my thankful homage pay;
For thee I long, for thee I look:
So travellers in desert lands,
'Midst sultry gleams and scorching sands,
Pant for the cooling water brook.

2 Within thy courts I felt thy pow'r,
And learn'd to prize thy favours more
Than life itself, with all its joys:
There let thy smiles again appear,
Again my drooping spirit cheer,
And to thy praise attune my voice.

3 Not all the things of sense and time
Can pleasures yield so pure, sublime,
As from thy sacred presence springs:
Then, 'till my last expiring day,
I 'll lift my hands to praise and pray,
And tune my joyful lips to sing.

No. 33.—L. M.

1 HOW welcome to thy servants, press'd
With six days toil and various snares,
Is the returning day of rest,
That lifts them from a world of cares.

2 Now we supply our weekly waste
From wisdom's stores, that knows no bounds,
The Word is honey to our taste,
Renews our strength, and heals our wounds.

3 With joy we hasten to the place,
Where we the Lord have often met;
And, while we view his glorious face,
Our burdens and our griefs forget.

4 This precious privilege is ours;
May we the mercy well improve,
And find these consecrated hours
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

WORSHIP.

No. 34.—C. M.

1 O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, show'st
The brightness of thy face.

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

3 For in thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A thousand days to spend.

4 Much rather in God's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My pompous dwelling make.

5 For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

6 Thou, Lord, whom heav'nly hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
Is still reposed on thee.

No. 35.—C. M.

1 SHEPHERD of Israel, lend thine ear,
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast giv'n a house of prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

2 Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the wounded spirit ease,
And ev'ry fear dispel.

3 The feeling heart, enlighten'd eye,
And humble mind bestow;
And loosen ev'ry baser tie,
That binds the soul below.

4 May we in love receive thy Word,
In faith present our prayers;
And find in thy blest presence, Lord,
A balm for all our cares.

No. 36.—L. M.

1 JESUS, thou mighty God of all,
Behold thy church assembled here;
On thy great name alone we call,
In humble love and holy fear.

2 O light of life, thy truth display,
And shed around thy beams of love;
O turn our darkness into day,
And raise our hearts to things above.

3 Unite our hearts and minds in one,
In wisdom and in love divine;
Fit us to stand before thy throne,
And make us altogether thine.

PRAISE.

No. 37.—C. M.

1 ALL hail! the great Immanuel's name!
Let seraphs prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all!

2 Let countless angels strike the lyre,
And low before him fall,
Who tune to love their holy choir,
And crown him—Lord of all!

3 Crown him, ye seed of Israel's race,
Who rais'd you from the fall;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all!

4 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call;
Th' Incarnate God, the Man Divine!
And crown him—Lord of all!

5 Let ev'ry tribe, of ev'ry tongue,
All creatures, great and small,
Loud swell this universal song,
And crown him—Lord of all!

6 Almighty Father! Jesus! Lord!
Whom King of Kings we call;
We worship thee, Incarnate Word!
And crown thee—Lord of all!

No. 38.—L. M.

1 COME brethren, shout the Saviour's praise;
To him your grateful tribute bring;
Let angels hear the notes you raise,
And strike their golden harps and sing.

2 Sing how he left the heav'nly throne,
And laid his splendid robes aside,
Put all our mortal weakness on,
And groan'd and labour'd, wept and died!

3 Now change the song!—to other strains
High let your pure affections soar!
See where the great Redeemer reigns,
While all the hosts of heav'n adore!

4 Again renew the raptur'd lay:
Another theme of joy is giv'n!
Now dawns the long expected day:
On earth He reigns, who reigns in heav'n!

5 Behold he comes!—a heav'nly cloud
Bears him in sacred triumph down:
The trump of truth, proclaims aloud,
"Jesus alone shall wear the crown!"

No. 39.—*7s.*

1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name ador'd!
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, eternal goodness, hail!

2 Lord, we know that thou art near;
Grace impart, and holy fear:
Purer praise we 'll joyful bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

No. 40.—C. M.

1 O KING of Kings, beneath thy wings
My soul would still repose;
My refuge sure, my strength secure
Against surrounding foes.

2 Thy wond'rous ways, to grateful praise,
Shall move my heart and tongue;
By hosts above thy deeds of love
In joyful notes are sung.

3 May I proclaim thy sacred name,
By living, Lord, to thee;
Then shall I rise above the skies,
And thy perfections see.

4 O, who can tell what glories dwell
Around th' eternal throne?
There joys divine, that ne'er decline,
Are by the righteous known.

EXPOSTULATION.

No. 41.—*7s.*

1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?
God your Maker asks you, why?
He who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the creatures of his hands;
Why, ye thankless sinners, why,
Will ye slight his love, and die?

2 You, on whom he favours show'rs,
You, enrich'd with noblest pow'rs,
You, of reason's light possess'd,
You, with perfect freedom blest,
You, with finer sense endu'd,
Beings, capable of God,
Noblest of his creatures, why,
Why will you for ever die?

3 You, whom he design'd to be
Images of Deity;
You, for whom he conquer'd death,
Yielding on the cross his breath,

You, on whom he still doth wait,
Whom he would again create;
Your Redeemer asks you why,
Why will you for ever die?

No. 42.—C. M.

1 WHY wilt thou still in darkness live,
Involv'd in shades of night,
When Jesus calls thee to receive
The rays of heav'nly light?

2 Jesus the lowest came to raise:
Who will his grace receive?
In tender mercy still he says,
"Come unto me and live."

3 He teaches thee thyself to know;
He sets before thine eyes,
Thy danger, and thy refuge too,
And calls thee to arise.

4 His word shall lead thee on thy way,
And shew thee all his will;
And to the realms of endless day,
His hand shall guide thee still.

5 O then obey thy Saviour's call
From ev'ry sin depart!
Before his footstool humbly fall,
And give him all thy heart!

REPENTANCE.

No. 43.—L. M.

1 FATHER of lights, from whom proceeds
Whate'er thy ev'ry creature needs;
To thee I look; my heart prepare,
Suggest and hearken to my prayer.

2 Since by thy light myself I see
Naked and poor, and void of thee;
Thine eyes must all my thoughts survey,
Thou know'st whate'er my lips would say.

3 Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind;
Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,
Averse to good, and prone to ill.

4 Fain would I know, as known by thee,
And feel the indigence I see;
Abhor the pride that lurks within,
Detest and loathe myself and sin.

No. 44.—*7s.*

1 GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad repentant song;
Sorrow dwells in ev'ry heart,
Penitence on ev'ry tongue.

2 Deep we mourn for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent,
Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,
Thankless for the mercies lent.

3 Foolish fears and low desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain,
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.

4 These and ev'ry secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame we own,
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking mercy at thy throne.

5 Thou to whom all pow'r belongs,
O restore thy suppliant race!
Hear our sad, repentant pray'r,
God of mercy, God of grace!

No. 45.—C. M.

1 JEHOVAH calls; the call we hear;
For all our evils mourn;
Now weep the penitential tear,
And home to God return.

2 O Jesus, Sov'reign, Saviour kind,
To thee we thankful come;
Thou wilt restore the erring mind,
And lead the wand'rer home.

3 Thankful thy mercy we embrace,
Our evils all disclaim,
Accept thy boundless love and grace,
And triumph in thy name.

REFORMATION.

No. 46.—L. M.

1 SHEW me, O Lord, the narrow road!
Help me to keep it, when 'tis known,
Until I reach thy blest abode,
When thou wilt thy disciples own.

2 A thousand ways in ruin end:
One, only, leads to joys above:
May that my willing steps ascend,
Guided by faith, and urg'd by love!

3 No more I ask, or hope to find,
True happiness in things below:
Sorrow may well possess the mind,
That feeds where thorns and thistles grow.

4 The joy that fades is not for me:
I seek immortal joys above:
There everlasting peace shall be
The blest reward of faith and love.

No. 47.—C. M.

1 WOULD'ST thou, my soul, to heav'n arise,
And live with angels there?
Then all of sin and self despise,
And for that world prepare!

2 Would'st thou be happy? first be pure!
This only is the way;
To him alone is heav'n secure,
Who doth the Lord obey.

3 Then in thy Saviour God believe,
Thy self and sin forsake;
Obey his laws, his truth receive,
And his example take!

4 Forsake each word and work impure;
Worship thy God in love;
And faithful to the end endure,
And thou shalt reign above!

No. 48.—C. M.

1 'TIS mercy bids us all forsake,
Whate'er that *all* implies:
And mercy's counsel we shall take,
If we are truly wise.

2 The low delights of sensual life,
The joys of worldly pride,
Revenge and hatred, wrath and strife,
Must all be cast aside.

3 Yea, all that would our ruin prove,
And draw our souls beneath,
We must in Jesus' strength, remove,
Or sink in endless death.

4 Parent of good to all below,
How good is thy request!
To give up all the springs of woe,
To be for ever blest!

TEMPTATION.

No. 49.—*7s.*

1 AS in winter nature mourns,
'Till the cheering spring returns,
So my barren soul doth wail,
Grieving o'er her wintry state.
Hasten, Lord, the time of spring!
Cause me to revive and sing!
Nourish with the heav'nly rain!
Warm me with thy beams again!

2 Help me to obey thy voice!
Make me in thy Word rejoice!
I on thee my burden cast;
Bless me as in seasons past!
On thy garden deign to smile!
Raise the plants! enrich the soil!
Soon thy presence will restore
Life to what seem'd dead before.

3 Lord, I long to be at home,
Where these changes never come.
Angels there no winter fear;
There 'tis spring throughout the year.

How unlike this state below!
There the flow'rs unwith'ring blow;
There no chilling blasts annoy:
All is love, and life, and joy.

No. 50.—C. M.

1 WHEN press'd by sin's o'erwhelming weight,
By woes I feel or fear,
Then, gracious Lord, my drooping state,
This word of thine shall cheer.

2 "Come unto me, ye weary, come!
"And I will give you rest;
"I wait to lead the wand'rer home,
"And make the mourner blest.

3 "Come ye who sink beneath your load!
"Soon shall your labour cease:
"Look unto me, your Saviour God!
"And I will give you peace.

4 "My easy yoke, O cheerful take!
"My burden light will prove:
"The cords of sin my truth shall break,
"And ye shall taste my love."

No. 51.—L. M.

1 WHEN billows swell, and winds are high,
And clouds o'ercast my wintry sky,
Out of the depths to thee I 'll call,
And make thy name of Love my all.

2 Then, Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me thro' the storm!
Defend me from each threat'ning ill!
Controul the waves! say, "Peace, be still!"

3 Amid the roaring of the sea,
My soul shall hang her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Shall surely save me from despair.

No. 52.—C. M.

1 WHEN all our joys terrestrial fade,
Nor one our peace secures,
We have a gracious God, whose aid,
From age to age endures.

2 This is a Rock, when hopes betray:
A Sun, when clouds condense:
A Lamp to light the pilgrim's way:
A Buckler of defence.

3 This is a Rose whose fragrance cheers;
A Fountain where to lave:
A cordial Balm for all our fears;
Our hope beyond the grave.

4 A Haven, this, when winds arise,
An Anchor sure and fast,
A Shelter from th' inclement skies,
A Covert from the blast.

5 The Bread of life, in famine dire,
A Spring, when waters fail:
A Cloud by day, by night a Fire,
To guide us through the vale.

No. 53.—C. M.

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my heart to thee:
In all my trials, conflicts, woes,
In love, remember me!

2 When on my restless, burden'd heart,
My sins lie heavily,
Let thy salvation peace impart!
In love, remember me.

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And thoughts I fain would flee!
O give me strength, Lord, as my day!
For good, remember me!

4 Whene'er distress'd with pain or grief,
Thine eye my frame doth see,
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief!
In love, remember me!

No. 54.—P. M.

1 WHEN gath'ring clouds around I view,
When earthly joys and hopes are few,
On Him I lean, who, while below,
Endur'd each mortal pain and woe:
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And marks, and wipes away my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heav'nly virtue's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do;
Still He who felt temptation's pow'r,
Shall guard me in that dang'rous hour.

3 When anxious thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
Then He who once vouchsaf'd to bear
The piercing anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 And He, when I have safely pass'd
Thro' ev'ry conflict but the last,
Shall still, unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed;——for once He died;
Then chase the latest gloom away,
And lead to realms of cloudless day.

No. 55.—L. M.

1 YE tempted souls, your Lord is nigh,
And hears from heav'n your humble cry;
Trust in his wisdom, love, and might!
For you his two-edg'd sword shall fight.

2 Altho' near Satan's seat you dwell,
Encompass'd by the hosts of hell;
Your Saviour will your foes engage,
And save you from their cruel rage.

3 For all who humbly truth pursue,
And keep the Lord their God in view,
Tho' death and hell may oft assail,
The sword of Jesus shall prevail.

4 The conquest o'er, the vict'ry won,
Their souls he raises to his throne;
The hidden manna then imparts,
And writes his name upon their hearts.

REGENERATION.

No. 56.—L. M.

1 HARK! in the wilderness a cry!
Let ev'ry dormant pow'r awake!
Prepare the way of God Most High!
A highway in the desert make!

2 He shall the lowly vallies raise,
Bring down the mountains' lofty state,
Make plain the desert's rugged face,
And bid its crooked paths be straight.

3 Know'st thou the meaning, nature's child,
Know'st thou the import of that cry?
Thy heart 's the desert, waste and wild;
But lo! the kind Reclaimer 's nigh.

4 Thy humble heart must first begin
His all-restoring hand to trust;
Mountains of pride, self-love, and sin,
Shall then before him fall to dust.

5 When rais'd by him, how chang'd thy state!
A garden rich in fruit and flow'r;
Thy mind, the Lord's belov'd retreat,
The wonder of redeeming pow'r.

No. 57.—S. M.

1 MY happy soul restor'd
From sin's destructive ways;
Jesus, my God, shall be ador'd,
And I 'll declare his praise.

2 He leads me on my way,
In paths of righteousness;
Sweetly constrains me to obey,
And be for ever bless'd.

3 What tho' I take my road,
Where death and hell appear,
Still trusting in my Saviour God,
No danger can I fear.

4 In safety will he keep,
With good and truth defend;
And lead his faithful, humble sheep
In safety to the end.

No. 58.—C. M.

1 COME, brethren, let us joyful sing,
The praises of our God;
We 're rais'd to life, and on the wing,
To heav'n's serene abode.

2 From nature we to spirit rise
By influence from above;
In heart and life all sin despise,
And goodness only love.

3 The lower region of the mind
Is to subjection brought;
The will and understanding join'd
In union as they ought.

4 The will and understanding right,
The man is born anew;
He walks in heav'nly heat and light,
And lives as angels do.

No. 59.—7s.

1 JESUS, mighty to redeem,
Thou shalt be our constant theme;
Boundless wisdom, love divine,
Power to save, alone are thine.

2 Blind we were, but now we see;
Deaf, we hearken now to thee;
Dumb, for thee our tongues employ;
Lame, and lo! we leap for joy.

3 Faint we were and parch'd with drought;
Water at thy word gush'd out;
Streams of truth our spirits bless,
Flowing thro' the wilderness.

4 Hark! the wastes have found a voice!
Lonely deserts now rejoice,
Gladsome hallelujahs sing
To the great Almighty King.

5 May these barren souls of ours
Bloom, and put forth fruits and flow'rs;
Flow'rs of wisdom, fruits of love,
Gifts imparted from above.

VIRTUES AND GRACES.

No. 60.—L. M.

1 IN vain the Saviour's name we own,
Unless we live to him alone;
Unless our words and actions prove,
The truths we know are join'd with love.

2 Can they whom pride and passion sway,
Who Mammon and the world obey,
In envy and contention live,
Presume that they indeed believe?

3 From charity, its living root,
True faith produces holy fruit:
But they, who only leaves can show,
Still on the stock of nature grow.

4 Lord, let thy word effectual prove,
To work in us obedient love;
And teach our sinful hearts to dread
A name to live, where life is dead!

No. 61.—L. M.

1 THE barren fig tree, deck'd with leaves,
Shows in its unproductive root,
The man who truth divine receives,
But yields not love's celestial fruit.

2 We see the truth, we judge aright,
And wisdom's righteous ways approve;
But what avails superior light,
Without its life, superior love?

3 Knowledge, and eloquence, and zeal,
Unless combin'd with works of love,
The soul's disorders will not heal,
Nor fit us for the realms above.

4 Lord, fill our hearts with holy fear,
And thy inspiring spirit send,
That we the fruit of love may bear,
And find acceptance in the end.

No. 62.—C. M.

1 WHAT is Religion? 'tis to love
Our God with all the heart;
In charity with all men prove,
And good to all impart.

2 'Tis love that makes religion sweet,
'Tis love that makes us rise
With ardent mind and willing feet,
To yonder happy skies.

3 Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue!
So shall we soon in heav'n be crown'd
And love as angels do.

No. 63.—L. M.

1 MY soul shall oft above the skies
On wings of contemplation rise;
View all the glorious scenes above,
And learn from angels how to love.

2 And oft with gratitude I 'll trace
The riches of redeeming grace;
The path of love divine explore,
And praise, and wonder, and adore.

3 Thus would I my devotions raise,
And learn with greater warmth to praise:
'Till my now feeble flame shall prove
A burning star of endless love.

No. 64.—L. M.

1 WE travel thro' a barren land,
With dangers thick on ev'ry hand:
But Jesus guides us thro' the vale;
The christian's Hope shall never fail.

2 Deep sorrows meet us as we go;
Infernals seek our overthrow;
But never shall their arts prevail;
The christian's Hope shall never fail.

3 Sometimes we 're tempted to despair;
But Jesus makes us then his care:
Whatever griefs our souls assail,
The christian's Hope shall never fail.

4 We trust in his unchanging Word,
The oath and promise of our Lord;
And safely thro' each tempest sail:
The christian's Hope shall never fail.

5 To hope we 'll join both truth and love
And live as angels live above;
We 'll fight, and o'er our foes prevail;
Hope, Truth, and Love, shall never fail.

No. 65.—L. M.

1 WHAT various hind'rances we meet,
In coming to the mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of pray'r
But wishes to be often there?

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
And brings a blessing from above.

3 Neglecting pray'r, we cease to fight,
Prayer keeps the christian's armour bright;
And devils tremble when they see
The contrite heart and bended knee.

4 Did we the sighs we vainly spend,
To heav'n in supplication send;
Our cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for me."

TIME, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

No. 66.—P. M.

1 HOW great the bliss, how great the wo,
Hangs on this span of time below,
On this precarious breath!
The Lord of all things only knows
Whether another year shall close,
Ere I expire in death.

2 In heav'n above, or hell beneath,
When I have pass'd the gate of death,
Must be my final state:
To day attend the call divine!
To-morrow never may be thine:
Repent, ere 'tis too late!

3 Awake from languid nature's dream!
Vast is the change, whate'er it seem,
To vain and worldly men.
Lord, at thy footstool I would bow:
Bid conscience plainly tell me now,
What it would tell me then!

4 If in destruction's road I stray,
Help me to choose the better way
That leads to joys on high!
Thy guiding light, thy spirit give!
Nor let me ever dare to live,
Such as I dare not die.

No. 67.—L. M.

1 O COULD I soar to worlds above,
That blessed state of peace and love,
How gladly would I mount on high,
Bid welcome death, and joyful fly!

2 But ah! still longer must I stay,
Ere this dark night be turn'd to day?
More crosses, sorrows, conflicts, bear,
Subject to trials, pains, and cares?

3 My Father knows what road is best,
And how to lead to peace and rest:
Cheerful to him I 'll yield my all,
Go where he leads, and wait his call.

4 While here, to do his will be mine,
Confiding in his love divine!
'Tis his to fix my time of rest;
And all that he appoints is best.

No. 68.—C. M.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And dry my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And Satan's darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares in a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all!

4 There shall the struggles of my soul
End in eternal rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast!

No. 69.—P. M.

1 GREAT GOD, thy solemn voice I hear;
Forth from thy word resounding,
Proclaiming death and judgment near,
And mercy yet abounding;
Sinners, forsake the downward road,
That leads to Satan's dark abode!
Prepare, prepare to meet your God!

2 Now while the trumpet soundeth loud,
Let ev'ry tribe and nation,
To Jesu's sacred banner crowd,
And hail his great salvation.
O choose the straight but upward road,
That leads to angels' bright abode!
Prepare to meet your Saviour God!

3 Arise, my soul! thine evils shun!
Accept the solemn warning!
Probation's day will soon be gone;
Eternity is dawning:
Apply the means of grace bestow'd!
Pursue the path thy Saviour trod!
And thus prepare to meet thy God!

No. 70 —L. M.

1 DO flesh and nature dread to die,
And tim'rous thoughts our minds enslave,
Thou, Lord, canst raise our hopes on high,
And quell the terrors of the grave.

2 What! shall we run to gain the prize,
Yet grieve to think the goal is near?
Afraid above the world to rise,
And in our Father's house appear?

3 Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And dimly see the God we love?
Why should we like this twilight so,
And shrink from noon's bright beams above?

4 O for the Spirit of my God,
To drive the fears of death away,
And help me through this darksome road,
To realms of everlasting day!

No. 71.—L. M.

1 THRO' ev'ry active, busy scene,
That crowds upon the op'ning day,
Let firm resolves still intervene,
Jesus, thy precepts to obey.

2 Since life is short, life to amend
Should daily be our constant care;
That while our thoughts to heav'n ascend,
Our hearts may find their treasure there.

3 Thus welcome death's appointed day,
That ends the swift career of time!
Cheerful the summons we obey,
In age advanc'd, or youthful prime.

4 For death is life renew'd; no more
To feel anxiety, or pain;
Those scenes with transport to explore,
E'en angels would describe in vain.

No. 72.—6s & 7s.

1 HARK! a voice proclaims on high,
The dead are blest indeed,
In the Lord who calmly die,
From all their labours freed!

2 Follow'd by their works of love,
Their happy souls ascend,
Welcome to the realms above,
To meet their God and Friend!

3 When from flesh the soul hath fled,
And hails th' eternal dawn.
Mortals say "A man is dead!"
Angels "A child is born!"

No. 73.—7s double.

1 DEATHLESS principle, arise!
Soar, thou native of the skies!
Made for God, to God return!
All his wond'rous goodness learn!
Angels joyful to attend,
Watchful o'er thy pillow bend;
Wait to catch the signal giv'n,
And conduct thee quick to heav'n.

2 Is thy earthly house distress'd
Willing to retain its guest?
'Tis not thou, but it, must die:
Fly, celestial tenant, fly!
Shudder not to pass the stream!
Venture all thy care on him!
Not one object of his care
Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.

3 Saints in glory, perfect made,
Wait thy passage through the shade:
Ardent for thy coming o'er,
See! they throng the blissful shore!
Mount, their transports to improve!
Join the happy choir above!
Swiftly to their wish be giv'n!
Kindle higher joy in heav'n!

No. 74.—C. M.

1 WHAT glorious wonders, strange and new,
Will meet my ravish'd eyes,
What scenes delightful rise to view,
When I shall reach the skies!

2 And O! what infinite delight,
When golden harps are strung,
And by the morning stars of light
Jehovah's praise is sung!

3 There too will sweet instruction flow
From bright angelic choirs,
And they shall teach my soul to know,
What now my soul desires.

4 How will rejoice this heart of mine
To hear their words of love,
While they with eloquence divine,
My ev'ry cloud remove!

5 But ah! if lost in wonder now,
Blest Lord, what shall I be
When in thy presence I shall bow,
And all thy glory see!

No. 75.—8s & 7s.

1 ANGELS, guard the new immortal,
Thro' the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting place!
Angels, let the ransom'd stranger
In your tender care be blest,
Hoping, trusting, free from danger,
Lead *him* to the realms of rest!

2 There no hurtful foe can enter,
And no friend departeth thence;
Jesus is their sun, their center,
And their shield, Omnipotence.

Blessed! for the Lamb shall feed them,
All their tears shall wipe away;
To the living fountains lead them;
To a bright, eternal day.

NEW YEAR.

No. 76.—7s.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun,
Hasted thro' the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here:
Finish'd now probation's day,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer stay,
But how little none can know.

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily, the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind:
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise!
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past, receive!
All thy mercies now renew!
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view!
More and more thy Word unfold!
Fill us with redeeming love!
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above!

No. 77.—7s.

1 SPAR'D to see another year,
Jesus deign to meet us here!
Now thy gracious work revive!
Bid thy drooping garden thrive!
Sun of Righteousness, arise!
Warm our hearts, and bless our eyes!
Let our pray'rs ascend above!
Make this year a state of love!

2 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run!
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears!
Wipe away the mourner's tears!
Clothe thy Word with power divine!
Make us willing to be thine;
Let thy waiting people prove
All thy pow'r and all thy love!

No. 78.—P. M.

MIRIAM's SONG.

1 SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.
Sing! for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave;
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

2 Praise to the conqueror, praise to the Lord,
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword;
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.

DOXOLOGIES.

No. 1.—L. M.

JEHOVAH-JESUS, Lord of all,
We Father, Son, and Spirit call;
One God, one Person on the throne,
We give all praise to Him alone.

No. 2.—C. M.

THE Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
One God our souls adore;
Jesus his name, in him we boast,
And praise him evermore.

No. 3.—S. M.

NOW be the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost, ador'd;
In essence and in person One,
Jehovah, Jesus, Lord.

No. 4.—P. M.

NOW to JESUS CHRIST the glory
And dominion shall be giv'n;
He is Alpha and Omega,
First and Last in earth and heav'n.

No. 5.—P. M.

NOW let us join the heav'nly host
Who FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST
In JESUS CHRIST adore,
Of heav'n and earth they crown him King,
To him their loud hosannas sing,
And praise him evermore.

No. 6.—*7s.*

FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, meet
In the SAVIOUR GOD we own:
JESUS as our King we greet,
FATHER, MAKER, LORD alone.
Blessed Fount of life and light!
All his Human is Divine!
God and man in him unite:
Heav'n and earth in praise combine!

A CATECHISM,

OR

INSTRUCTION FOR CHILDREN.

Teacher.—My dear child, created a rational and immortal being, and living under the light of the Word of God, it is incumbent upon you to understand what that WORD teaches, concerning what you are to believe and how you are to live, that you may be made a partaker of the blessings promised in that Word to the people of God. Let me therefore ask

1—What are you?

A.—A being created in the image and likeness of God!

2 *Q.*—What constitutes this image and likeness?

A.—The possession of an understanding and a will.

3 *Q.*—What is the end of your creation?

A.—That receiving the light of truth in my understanding, and the love of good in my will, I may know and love God: and thereby be fitted for happiness in heaven for ever.

4 *Q.*—You have told me what you are, let me ask you What is God?

A.—A being of infinite love, wisdom and power—my Creator, Redeemer and Regenerator, who is the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in whom there is a Divine Trinity of Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

5 *Q.*—This Trinity then is not a trinity of persons?

A.—No: the scriptures teach me, that the Father is in the Son and the Son in the Father: that they are one: and that the Spirit is the proceeding influence of this One True God.

6 *Q.*—Why are the terms Father, Son and Holy Spirit used to describe this One True God?

A.—Because, by Father is understood the Essential Divine; by the Son the Divine Humanity; and by the Holy Spirit the Divine Proceeding; these three are one in essence and one in person.

7 *Q.*—Do you know any thing which will illustrate this?

A.—Yes; I am myself possessed of soul, body and operation: and these three are one person.

8 *Q.*—You said that the Lord was your Redeemer, as well as your Creator: what do you understand by Redemption?

A.—Deliverance from the power of hell or of infernal spirits.

9 *Q.*—How did the Lord effect this redemption or deliverance?

A.—By taking upon him human nature by birth of the Virgin Mary; and therein combatting and conquering the infernal powers which held man in bondage: and having glorified his Humanity, or made it Divine, he keeps them in subjection for ever.

10 *Q.*—You said that the Lord was your Re-

generator: what are you to understand by regeneration?

A.—Regeneration, or the new birth, is to be born of water and of the Spirit: that is to possess the truths of faith, and live a life according to them, by shunning all evils as sins against God.

11 *Q.*—How are we to know what are the evils we are to shun?

A.—The Lord himself hath taught us in the 20th chapter of Exodus, when he delivered the ten commandments.

12 *Q.*—What are these ten commandments?

A.—God spake all these words, saying.

1—I am &c. [See the commandments in the service].

13 *Q.*—What do you learn from these commandments?

A.—To love the Lord my God with all my heart, and with all my soul and with all my strength; and my neighbour as myself.

14 *Q.*—What is it to love the Lord?

A.—To honour, serve and worship him alone, keeping from all idolatry: to look to him as the Source and Giver of every good, both for my soul and my body; to be grateful to him for the innumerable mercies I receive from him, especially for those of creation, redemption and preservation; to trust in his providence, and be resigned to his will; to reverence his Holy Word and Name, to abhor and shun all that is contrary to his commandments, and to do and love all that is agreeable to his will.

15 *Q.*—What is it to love your neighbour?

A.—To honour and obey my parents, teachers and rulers: to hurt no one by word or deed: to cherish no malice nor hatred in my heart: to avoid the taking of human life; to let no impurity or immodesty be in my thoughts, words or actions; to take nothing which does not belong to me, and to seek no unlawful gains by means of any fraud or cunning: to be guilty of no slander or lying, but always to speak the truth; and not to covet or desire the property of others; but to be contented with the reward of my own exertions: and to be industrious in my business, doing unto others as I would they should do unto me.

16 *Q.*—My dear child, have you power to love the Lord and your neighbour, in the performance of these duties?

A.—Not of myself: but the Lord continually gives me power; but in order to use this power rightly, I must look to the Lord and pray to him.

17 *Q.*—How are you to pray to him?

A.—According to the prayer he has given in his Holy Word, in the 6th chapter of Matthew.

18 *Q.*—Can you repeat that prayer?

A.—Yes. Our Father, &c.

19 *Q.*—What do you express and desire in this prayer?

A.—I express my confidence in the love and mercy of the Lord, as my Heavenly Father and my veneration for his holy name, as the Lord Jesus Christ: I pray that the government of his

Divine Truth, and the dominion of his Divine Good, may prevail in me and in all mankind; that he will continually support me with all natural and all spiritual good, suited to my state; that he will remove my evils as I repent of and forsake them; and that he will secure me from the assaults of my spiritual enemies, and from the power of evil and of hell; and I ascribe all the honour, praise and merit to the Lord alone.

20 *Q.*—If you thus look to the Lord and keep his commandments from love to him and to your neighbour, what will be the effect of it upon yourself?

A.—I shall become regenerate: because my understanding and my will, which by nature are full of all falses and evils, shall thereby be united in the love and the worship of the Lord: as my Creator, Redeemer and Regenerator.

21 *Q.*—Has the Lord appointed any other means than prayer, to assist you to become regenerate?

A.—Yes; he has appointed the two ordinances of Baptism and of the Holy Supper.

22 *Q.*—What is the ordinance of Baptism?

A.—It is a sign of purification; and also a medium of introduction into the Lord's church: it is also a pledge that the Lord will regenerate us if we are obedient to his Holy Word.

23 *Q.*—What is the Sacrament of the Lord's Holy Supper?

A.—It is a sign of the Lord's mercy, and also a medium of introducing us into communion with the Lord and his holy angels, and thereby

having our souls fed with Divine Good and Truth, which is signified by the Lord's flesh and blood.

24 *Q.*—If you love the Lord and keep his commandments, when you die what will be your state?

A.—I shall then go to Heaven, become an angel and be happy for ever more.

25 *Q.*—But if you are wicked and do not shun your evils as sins against God, what then will be your state?

A.—I shall then go to hell, and become an infernal spirit and be miserable for ever.

26 *Q.*—When you die how do you rise again from the dead?

A.—I shall arise in a spiritual body, which is the spiritual form of man, and shall live for ever in that body.

27 *Q.*—What then becomes of your natural body?

A.—It goes into the grave, and perishes in the dust: for the dust returns unto the dust; and the spirit alone returns unto the spiritual world.

28 *Q.*—You said that if you loved the Lord, and kept his commandments, you would after death become an angel: what is an angel?

A.—A good man in the state of glory for which he was created and designed by the Lord.

29 *Q.*—What are angels employed about?

A.—In worshiping and serving the Lord, and in making each other happy; and also in watch-

ing over us, and endeavouring to make us good and happy as themselves.

30 *Q.*—You said that if you are wicked, you shall go to hell, and become an infernal spirit, and be miserable for ever: what is an infernal spirit?

A.—A wicked man in a state of misery and despair, which he has brought upon himself, contrary to the design for which he was created.

31 *Q.*—What else are infernal spirits called?

A.—Devils; and taken collectively the Devil; also, Satan and the powers of darkness.

32 *Q.*—What do infernal spirits employ themselves about?

A.—In tormenting each other, and making each other miserable; and also, in striving to make us as wicked and miserable as themselves, by exciting our bad tempers and selfish desires.

33 *Q.*—Can you hinder infernal spirits from making you wicked.

A.—Yes, by the Lord's assistance, I can: and when I resist them they flee away.

34 *Q.*—And what is the consequence of their fleeing away?

A.—The Lord and his angels come nearer to me, and I become more strengthened to resist evil, and more fitted for heaven.

35 *Q.*—Where are all these sublime principles of religion to be learned?

A.—In God's most Holy Word, or the Sacred Scriptures.

36 *Q.*—What are we to believe concerning those Scriptures?

A.—That they are Divine Truth itself, the fountain of wisdom both to angels and men: because the Word was spoken by the Lord himself, and contains a spiritual as well as a natural sense.

37 *Q.*—Can man understand the spiritual sense of the Word?

A.—Yes; but not by the light of his own wisdom.

38 *Q.*—How then?

A.—The spiritual sense must be revealed, and man must receive illumination thro' that revelation.

39 *Q.*—Has God revealed the internal, spiritual sense of his Holy Word?

A.—Yes, he has: in the writings of his servant Emanuel Swedenborg; who was appointed and qualified by Him to communicate information to mankind upon the nature of the Holy Word, and of the spiritual world and state.

40 *Q.*—What is the result of this dispensation of Divine Goodness and Truth?

A.—Thereby is fulfilled the prophecy of the second coming of the Lord and the descent of the New Jerusalem.

41 *Q.*—What are you to understand by the Second Advent of the Lord?

A.—It is a coming, not in person, but in spirit, by revealing the spiritual sense of his Holy Word.

42 *Q.*—What is signified by the New Jerusalem?

A.—It is the establishment of a New Church;

or the gathering together of a people, who shall receive the genuine doctrines of the Holy Word; and worship the Lord Jesus Christ as the Only God, and live according to his commandments by shunning all evils as sins against God. This is the last, best, Church of the Lord, and shall endure for ever.

Instructor.—My dear child, knowing these things, happy will we be if we do them; let us therefore lift up our hearts to the Lord Jesus Christ in prayer:

OUR FATHER, who art in the heavens; hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, as in heaven, so also in earth. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we also forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but to deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. *Amen.*

OFFICE OF BAPTISM.

A basin of pure water being provided, and the person or persons to be baptized being present, the Minister reads as follows:

FORASMUCH as the order wherein man was originally created, has been perverted and destroyed by the abuse of his free-will, in consequence of which we are all born in the love of self and of the world; and since no one can enter into the kingdom of God, except he be regenerated, and born again of water and of the spirit, that is by the truths of faith, and a life in conformity to them; therefore baptism was instituted by the Lord as a sign and memorial that man may be purified from his evils and falses, and thereby become regenerate.—Thus the Lord was pleased to suffer himself to be baptized by John, in token that his Humanity was to be glorified; for hereby was all righteousness fulfilled in his own divine person.

By the waters of baptism are also signified temptations, or spiritual conflicts against evils and falses; for purification and regeneration can only be effected by means of temptations. And inasmuch as baptism is for a sign and memorial of such things, therefore it may lawfully be administered to infants, or if neglected at that age, to adults.

When infants are presented, the Minister shall use the following:

AND they brought young children to Jesus, that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

Then the Minister is to say to the parents or friends of the child or children,

YOU have brought *this child* here to be baptized into the faith of the New Church; which teacheth that God is One in essence and in person, in whom is a Divine Trinity, consisting of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; and that the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is He, and, That, in order to salvation, man must live a life according to the ten commandments, by shunning evils as sins against God. Let me therefore ask,

Are you desirous of having *this child* baptized into this faith?

Answer, severally, I am.

Here may be read the institution of Baptism by the Lord, taken from Matt. xxviii, 18 *to* 20.

JESUS spake unto his disciples, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.

Then the Minister is to say to the person or persons to be baptized,

YOU have come here to be baptized into the faith of the New Church. Let me therefore ask,

Do you believe, that God is One in essence and in person, in whom is a Divine Trinity, consisting of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; and that the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is He?

Answer, severally, I do.

M.—Do you believe, that in order to salvation, man must live a life according to the ten commandments, by shunning evils as sins against God?

Answer, severally, I do.

M.—Are you desirous of being baptized in this faith?

Answer, severally, I am.

Here the Minister is to pray, as follows, all kneeling.

(LET US PRAY.)

ALMIGHTY and everlasting Lord Jesus, who alone dost baptize with the Holy Spirit and with fire, and who invitest all men to come unto thee, that they may be made partakers of thine eternal kingdom; sanctify, we beseech thee, this water to the use which thou hast ordained in thy Holy Word, and graciously receive *this person* now presenting *himself* before thee to be baptized. Admit *him* into the fellowship and communion of thy New Church, embrace *him* with the arms of thy divine mercy, and give thy Holy Spirit unto *him;* that, being enrolled by baptism among the number of those who acknowledge the Divinity of thy Humanity, and who rejoice in the glory of thy second advent, *he* may henceforth deny *himself*, and take up *his* cross, by resisting the evils of self-love and the love of the world; and finally, through thy assistance, overcome all *his* spiritual enemies.—So may *he* be cleansed from the impurities of *his* nature, be confirmed in love to thee, and charity towards *his* neighbour, and at length be prepared for the full enjoyment of thy everlasting kingdom above.—*Amen.*

Then the Minister, naming the person to be baptized, is to sprinkle the water on his forehead, saying,

I BAPTIZE thee in the name of the Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ, who alone is the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. *Amen.*

And then he is to pronounce over him, the following Blessing, from Numb. vi. 24 *to* 26.

THE Lord bless thee, and keep thee: the Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

Then the Minister, after taking the baptized person or persons by the right hand, is to say,

WE receive *this person* into the congregation of the New Church, that *he* may be further instructed in the acknowledgment of the true worship of the Lord, according to the heavenly doctrines of the New Jerusalem. And as there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, so let us rejoice on earth, that it has pleased the Lord to add to the number of those, who by the baptism of repentance and regeneration, may finally inherit the crown of everlasting life.

The Minister may then deliver the following Exhortation to the person or persons baptized.

I EARNESTLY exhort you to cultivate with all diligence an acquaintance with the holy Word, and with the heavenly doctrines of the New Jerusalem. But particularly remember the necessity of shunning continually all evils as sins against God, and, by renouncing the loves of self and of the world, of loving the Lord above all things, and your neighbour as *yourself*. So will you be providing for your happiness in this life, and for your eternal salvation in the world to come.

Then the Minister is to repeat the following Thanksgiving and Prayer, all kneeling:

WE give thee most humble and sincere thanks, O heavenly Father, that thou hast been graciously pleased to accept our service at this time, and to receive *this person* into the congregation of thy New Church on earth. Support *him* in the hour of temptation; give *him* power over all *his* spiritual enemies; and, after having followed thy footsteps in the regeneration, may he finally be received into thy new angelic heaven, to glorify and praise thee for ever and ever. *Amen.*

After which, the Lord's Prayer, as in Matt. vi. 9 *to* 13, *may be repeated by all, still kneeling.*

OUR Father, who art in the heavens; hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so also upon earth. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we also forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. *Amen.*

And lastly the Minister, standing up, concludes with the following Benediction, from Apoc. xxii. 21.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. *Amen.*

THE HOLY SUPPER.

The bread and wine being placed upon the table, the Minister begins by repeating one or more of the following passages from the Word:

THUS saith the Lord Jehovih, Speak unto every feathered fowl, and to every beast of the field, Assemble yourselves, and come, gather yourselves on every side to my sacrifice, that I do sacrifice for you, even a great sacrifice upon the mountains of Israel, that ye may eat flesh, and drink blood. (*Ezek.* xxxix. 17).

Come, and gather yourselves together unto the supper of the great God. (*Apoc.* xix. 17).

Let us be glad, and rejoice, and give honour to him: for the marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready. Blessed are they, who are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb. (*Apoc.* xix. 7, 9).

Then the Minister reads the following invitation to the marriage-supper of the Lamb, after which the people approach the table.

Ye are now invited to the marriage supper of the Lamb, who is the Lord God and Saviour Jesus Christ in his Divine Humanity, to be partakers of his flesh and blood, that is, of the di-

vine good and divine truth proceeding from his glorified body, whereby your souls may be nourished unto eternal life. The bridegroom himself invites you, and says, Come. Be ye therefore ready; put away all evil from your hearts; look to the Lord Jesus Christ alone; acknowledge him as your God, your Saviour, and Redeemer; and he will enter in, and make his abode with you, for behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people. Yea, the Lord himself is now present in his Divine Humanity, and waiteth to open heaven to all those who approach his Holy Supper worthily, agreeably to his own declaration, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.

Here follows the institution of the Holy Supper by the Lord, taken from Matt. xxvi. 19, 20, 26 *to* 28. *Mark* xiv. 16, 17, 22 *to* 24. *Luke* xxii. 13, 14; 19, 20.

JESUS kept the passover with his disciples; and when the evening was come, he sat down with them. And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said Take, eat; this is my body. And he took the cup, and gave thanks; and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it: for this is my blood, the [blood] of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.

Here shall follow a prayer.

Then the Minister after receiving the bread and wine himself, is to deliver them into the hands of the people, and when he delivers the bread, he may repeat the following words:

The body of our Lord Jesus Christ, which is the divine good of his divine love, nourish and preserve you unto eternal life. Take, and eat this, in remembrance of the Lord, and his unspeakable love in the redemption of mankind.

And when the Minister delivers the cup, he may repeat the following words:

The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which is the divine truth of his divine wisdom, nourish and preserve you unto eternal life. Drink ye all of this, in remembrance of the Lord, and his unspeakable love in the redemption of mankind.

After which the Minister shall offer up a Thanksgiving. Then the Minister standing up, concludes with the following Benediction, from Apoc. xxii. 21.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. *Amen.*

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HYMNS.

No. 1.—P. M.

THE LORD.

1 JEHOVAH LORD, to thee we raise
An humble song of sacred praise,
For comforts in thy Word;
By truths divine, as now reveal'd,
Dear Lord, our sorrows all are heal'd,
And peace of mind restor'd.

2 Th' eternal Father in the Son,
And Holy Spirit thence, as One,
In thy blest form we see;
Thousands of angels hail thee King,
And endless hallelujahs sing,
To praise thy Deity.

3 Rise then, my soul, from ev'ry sin,
The work of righteousness begin,
And serve this Prince of light:
Whose spirit caused the lame to walk,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to talk,
And now to faith gives sight.

4 Jesus, thou light and life divine,
All honour, pow'r, and strength be thine,
To thee my praise I bring;
Thou art my all, in glory clad,
My Lord, my Saviour, and my God,
My Prophet, Priest, and King.

No. 2.—L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, adore his name,
Declare his love, his truth proclaim;
Be it to ev'ry nation known,
Jesus is God, and God alone.

2 Thy honour and thy name we sing,
To thee, great God, our tribute bring;
The wond'rous works which thou hast done,
Shall soon be known from sun to sun.

3 Now for a shout of sacred joy,
Zion, thy heart and voice employ;
Great is the Lord, he dwells in thee,
And great Jehovah's praise must be.

4 Hosanna to thy name, O Lord,
Thy love and goodness we record;
We join the angel hosts above,
And praise Jehovah, God of love.

No. 3.—P. M.

1 THE great Jehovah praise,
Who lives and reigns in heav'n;
The God of truth, and love and grace,
To sinners giv'n.
Great is the Lord, the Lamb,
By holy saints confest;
He is their Lord, their great I Am,
Ador'd and blest.

2 The dear Redeemer praise,
He all-sufficient is;
He 'll guide us safely all our days,
To worlds of bliss.

In him secure we stand,
Almighty is his pow'r;
Our rock thro' all the desert land,
Our shield and tow'r.

3 Our great eternal King
In heav'n supremely reigns;
Angels and saints his praises sing,
In sweetest strains:
There all his people live,
Before his holy throne,
And all the joys their God can give,
Shall be their own.

No. 4.—ALL 8s.

1 JESUS, thou King, enthron'd on high,
To whom angelic hosts draw nigh,
Whose courts they fill with thankful songs,
Resounding from immortal tongues;
Thee they proclaim thro' realms of rest,
"God over all, for ever blest."

2 We would, like them, thy pow'r proclaim,
And swell the honours of thy name;
That name whence all our mercies rise,
Which to each want gives due supplies:
Our King thou art, ador'd, confest,
"God over all, for ever blest."

3 Thy Word, unfolded, pours its light,
To clear and bless the mental sight;
We see in each prophetic line
The glories of thy godhead shine;
Our great Emmanuel stands confest,
"God over all, for ever blest."

4 Be this our care, while here we stay,
To walk with thee, who art "the way;"
In thee, "the truth" divine, believe;
From thee, "the life," our life receive;
Thee the sole Lord of pow'r possest,
"God over all, for ever blest."

No. 5.—L. M.

1 JESUS, thou sun of love divine,
Thy rays thro' all creation shine;
In thee, with bright effulgence meet
In blessed union, light and heat.

2 Thro' heav'n thy glory is display'd
In one bright day without a shade:
Angels from thee supremely prove
The nameless, endless joys of love.

3 With thee they dwell in vernal light,
Nor feel nor fear the shades of night;
Thy heav'nly beams will never fail,
But one eternal day prevail.

4 Be darkness known on earth no more,
But truth display'd from shore to shore;
Till men of ev'ry land shall see
Thy glory, Lord, and worship thee.

5 'Tis done—the sun of love appears,
The shades withdraw, the morning clears;
Now love and truth prevail again,
And one eternal day shall reign.

No. 6.—ALL 8s.

1 THIS, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as great as his pow'r,
And neither knows measure nor end:

2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose spirit shall guide us safe home;
We 'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that 's to come.

No. 7.—ALL 8s.

1 ALL glory to God in the sky,
And peace upon earth be restor'd;
O Jesus, exalted on high,
Appear our omnipotent Lord!
Who meanly in Bethlehem born,
Didst stoop to redeem a lost race,
Once more to thy creatures return,
And reign in thy kingdom of grace.

2 When thou in our flesh didst appear,
All nature acknowledg'd thy birth;
Arose the acceptable year,
And heav'n was open'd on earth—
Receiving its Lord from above,
The world was united to bless
The giver of concord and love,
The Prince and the Author of Peace.

3 O wouldst thou again be made known,
Again in the Spirit descend,
And set up in each of thy own
A kingdom which never shall end.

Thou only art able to bless,
And make the glad nations obey,
And bid the dire enmity cease,
And bow the whole world to thy sway.

4 Come then to thy servants again,
Who long thy appearance to know;
Thy quiet and peaceable reign,
In mercy establish below:
All sorrow before thee shall fly,
And anger and hatred be o'er:
And envy and malice shall die,
And discord afflict us no more.

5 No horrid alarum of war
Shall break our eternal repose;
No sound of the trumpet is there,
Where Jesus's spirit o'erflows:
Appeas'd by the charms of thy grace,
We all shall in amity join,
And kindly each other embrace,
And love with a passion like thine.

No. 8.—L. M.

1 MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise aspire to his abode;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense,
Eternal ages saw him shine—
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much, when in the manger laid,
Almighty ruler of the sky;
As when the six days' work he made,
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim;
That gracious sound well pleased he hears,
And owns Emmanuel for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-plac'd hopes with joy I see:
My bosom glows with heav'nly zeal
To worship him who died for me.

6 As man he pities my complaint:
His pow'r and truth are all divine;
He will not fail, he cannot faint,
Shall not salvation then be mine?

No. 9.—S. M.

1 ALL hail, mysterious King!
Hail, David's ancient root!
Thou righteous branch, which thence did spring,
To give the nations fruit.

2 Our weary souls shall rest
Beneath thy grateful shade;
Our thirsting lips the sweets shall taste
By thy blest fruit convey'd.

3 Fair morning Star, arise!
With living glories bright;
And pour on these awak'ning eyes,
A flood of Sacred light.

4 The horrid gloom is fled,
Pierc'd by thy heav'nly ray;
Shine, and our wand'ring footsteps lead
To everlasting day.

No. 10.—C. M.

1 COME let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;
"Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive,
Honour and pow'r divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

No. 11.—L. M.

1 ETERNAL God, Almighty Cause,
Of earth, and sea, and worlds unknown;
All things are subject to thy laws,
All things depend on thee alone.

2 To thee alone ourselves we owe,
To thee alone our homage pay;
All other gods we disavow,
Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

3 In thee, O Lord, our hope shall rest,
Fountain of peace and joy and love.
Thy favour only makes us blest;
Without thee, all would nothing prove.

4 Worship to thee alone belongs,
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory we would live.

No. 12.—L. M.

1 HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines:
Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud,
Which veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 O God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

4 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with rich repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

5 Life, like a fountain, full and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light, our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

No. 13.—L. M.

1 JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless pray'rs be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every daily sacrifice.

3 From north to south shall princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
And barb'rous nations, at his word,
Submit and bow, and own their Lord.

4 People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with grateful song;
And infant voices shall proclaim,
Their early blessings on his name.

5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King!
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

No. 14.—S. M.

1 THE christian world has lain
In error, sin, and night;
But heaven's bright sun appears again,
And beams celestial light.

2 Now living waters flow
To cheer the humble soul;
From sea to sea the rivers go,
And spread from pole to pole.

3 Now righteousness shall spring,
And grow on earth again;
Jesus the Lord shall be our King,
And o'er the nations reign.

4 Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall hear his word;
By one bless'd name shall he be known,
THE UNIVERSAL LORD!

No. 15.—C. M.

1 WHO 's this that on the tempest rides,
That lashes up the deep?
'Tis He, whose word restrains its tides,
And bids its billows sleep.

2 Who 's this whose words are peace and love,
Who makes the deaf to hear?
'Tis He, who left the realms above,
To dry the sinner's tear.

3 Let angels then his wonders tell,
And men his love proclaim,
Who triumph'd over death and hell,
For Jesus is his name.

No. 16.—C. M.

DIVINE HUMANITY.

1 OUR Jesus is both God and Man,
In human form is he;
Tho' finite beings cannot scan
His vast infinity.

2 Why should we fear to say or sing,
Our God is Man alone,
When to the heav'ns the sov'reign King
As God and Man is known?

3 Angels behold him as he is,
In human form divine;
While wisdom, love, and endless bliss,
From his blest body shine.

4 Jesus to angels thus made known,
They see the God they love;
In human form he fills the throne,
And all the heav'ns above.

5 This is the God our souls adore;
We glory in his name,
And joyful will, from shore to shore,
His deity proclaim.

No. 17.—ALL 7s.

1 JESU'S mercy let us sing,
He is our eternal King;
With our tongues will we make known,
Mercy is from him alone.

2 Now the human is divine,
See what nameless glories shine

From the body of our Lord!
Be his holy name ador'd.

3 Truth and faithfulness are giv'n
From the Lord, the God of heav'n;
Mercy ever shall endure,
Jesu's truth and love are sure.

4 In his name will we rejoice,
All the day lift up our voice;
Glory in the Lord alone,
For no other God we own.

No. 18.—L. M.

1 SEE from the tomb the Saviour rise!
He mounts above the lofty skies!
The everlasting doors extend,
The heav'ns with acclamations rend.

2 One shout of universal praise
Angels and men exulting raise;
Millions of hearts and voices join,
To hail the human made divine.

3 What strains of rapture, joy, and love,
Echo'd thro' all the plains above,
When Jesus rose, assum'd his throne,
And in refulgent glory shone!

4 There, there he reigns th' Almighty God,
And spreads his truth and love abroad:
We join the heav'nly hosts, and sing,
All glory be to God our King.

No. 19.—S. M.

THE WORD.

1 TO God be praises giv'n,
Who hath the Word unseal'd,
Disclos'd the wond'rous things of heav'n,
And holy truth reveal'd.

2 Now living waters flow
To cheer the humble soul;
From sea to sea the rivers go,
And spread from pole to pole.

3 Now righteousness shall spring,
And grow on earth again;
Jesus Jehovah be our King,
And o'er the nations reign.

4 Jesus shall rule alone,
The world shall hear his word;
By one blest name shall he be known,
THE UNIVERSAL LORD!

No. 20.—P. M.

1 THY name we extol, Jehovah our King,
For ever in thee we 'll triumph and sing;
Thro' error and darkness the truth has been seal'd,
But now the rich wonders of love are reveal'd.

2 The sacred contents of heaven's blest Word,
Are open'd to men by Jesus our Lord;
The veil is remov'd, we now enter and find
The Word's deep arcana explain'd to the mind.

3 Now heav'n and earth in union shall prove,
And angels with men conjoined in love:
Deep truths of the gospel shall make mortals wise,
And join the church here with the church in the skies.

4 An influx divine from Jesus shall come,
His wisdom and love guide travellers home;
From Jesu's blest body sweet influence flow,
To cheer, and to comfort the church here below.

5 While love makes us pure, truth holds out her hand,
To lead, and conduct to Canaan's blest land:
By love and truth guided, we joyfully rise,
And Jesus adoring, press on to the skies.

No. 21.—S. M.

1 GREAT God, we give thee praise
For all thy wond'rous grace,
Thy kind and condescending ways,
To our poor fallen race.

2 Thou hast thy love reveal'd
Beyond what prophets knew,
The holy book of truth unseal'd
To our astonish'd view.

3 We wander now no more
Where sons of darkness lead;
But truth in sacred light, explore,
And wonder while we read.

4 No more a fruitless strife
For error we maintain;

The Word is spirit, truth and life,
And human notions vain.

5 The Word is all divine,
Its inmost is the Lord;
His glories thro' the letter shine,
And be his name ador'd.

No. 22.—C. M.

1 WE read the holy Word with joy,
And while the mind is there,
How sweet and pleasing the employ,
What wond'rous truths appear!

2 Would we our God and Saviour know,
(That knowledge most divine!)
To wisdom's source we 'll humbly go,
For there his glories shine.

3 Wish we ourselves, our souls to learn,
Their nature, state, and end?
To inspiration's pages turn,
There all the man is penn'd.

4 Would we the heav'nly kingdom view,
While we for heav'n prepare?
'Tis in the sacred pages too;
The humble read it there.

5 Whate'er we want to learn, or know,
Of useful, pure, and good;
To Jesus, and his Scriptures go,
It shall be understood.

6 Jesus, thou God of all the Word,
To thee be honour giv'n!
Thou givest grace and wisdom, Lord,
And thou wilt guide to heav'n.

No. 23.—L. M.

1 THERE is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God:
Life, love and joy, still gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine abode.

2 That sacred stream, the holy Word,
Which all our raging fear controuls:
Sweet peace it's promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

3 Happy the man, who fears the Lord,
Keeps his commands, obeys his Word;
In this his highest wisdom lies,
This man alone is truly wise.

4 Lord, grant me this celestial skill,
To fear thy name, obey thy will;
Then thy salvation I shall see,
And live for ever, Lord, with thee.

No. 24.—C. M.

1 FOUNDED on truth, thy church shall rise
In thy bright image, Lord;
And with supreme affection prize
The doctrines of thy Word.

2 Thy truth shall spread on ev'ry hand,
In heav'n and earth be known;
Thy holy church for ever stand,
Eternal as thy throne.

3 Thy truth is wisdom, and shall raise
Thy sons to perfect light;
Teach them thy holy name to praise,
And worship thee aright.

4 Thy Word is pure, and all divine,
It makes the simple wise;
Its beams of heav'nly glory shine
To our astonish'd eyes.

5 Thy Word shall be my only guide,
Its wonders I 'll explore;
And while in truth I can confide,
Its Author I 'll adore.

No. 25.—P. M.

1 NOW diffuse thy holy spirit,
Nourish, Lord, the heav'nly seed:
Let each heart thy grace inherit,
Raise the weak, the hungry feed:
From the gospel
Now supply the people's need.

2 O may all enjoy the blessing,
Which the Word 's design'd to give:
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive,
And for ever
To thy praise and glory live.

No. 26.—C. M.

1 GOD's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.

2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands in search of truth
Assist the feeblest sight.

3 The perfect worship here is fix'd,
Our sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd.

4 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Of gold refin'd with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
Which from the comb distil.

5 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warning give;
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.

No. 27.—S. M.

1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes the church his blest abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 Far as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise,
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell;
Compass and view the holy ground,
And mark the building well;

4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
How glorious to behold!
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.

No. 28.—C. M.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I come to thee my Lord;
For not a ray of hope appears
But in thy holy word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
There I behold my Saviour's face
In every sacred page.

3 This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
Then blest is he who wisely tries
To make that pearl his own.

4 Here living water gently flows,
To wash me from my sin:
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

5 This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where sense and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

6 May thy wise counsels, O my God,
These roving feet command,
Lest I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

No. 29.—C. M.

1 THY word is like a heav'nly light,
Which guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 The starry heav'ns thy rule obey,
The earth preserves her place;
In nature's volume night and day,
Thy power and skill we trace.

4 But in thy law and gospel, Lord,
Are lessons more divine;
Not earth stands firmer than thy Word,
Nor stars so nobly shine.

5 Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

No. 30.—C. M.

1 HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration giv'n!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heav'n.

2 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

3 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an *eternal day.*

No. 31.—C. M.

1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun!
It gives a light to ev'ry age;
It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
His gracious light and heat.
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The paths of truth and love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

No. 32.—C. M.

1 LET all the heathen writers join,
To form one perfect book:
Great God! if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could show one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave:
But thine conduct to heav'n.

3 Lord I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest pow'rs rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

4 I 'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through thy promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

No. 33.—s. m.

1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name ador'd
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows
And yields a free repast,
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heav'nly pages be
My study and delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

No. 34.—P. M.

FIRST ADVENT.

1 LIGHT of life, the great Messiah,
Promis'd day-spring from on high,
Deign to visit waiting mortals
From thy state above the sky.

2 God incarnate, veil thy splendour,
Joy of heav'n, to earth come down;
Make in flesh thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.

3 Shepherds, did you learn his coming,
Whilst you kept your flocks by night?
Did you see his star in heaven
Blaze with new-created light?

4 Haste, ye Magi, come and worship;
See the orient star before;
Bring your presents, gold and spices,
Blest Arabia's balmy store.

5 All ye joyous host of heaven,
Loudly speak the Saviour's praise;
Saints and angels in full chorus,
Your seraphic voices raise.

6 Come, O come, your hallelujahs
In wide-echoing songs proclaim;
Heav'n and earth with joy resounding,
Praise the blest Redeemer's name.

No. 35.—P. M.

1 RAPT into future times, the prophet sung:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a Branch, a Rod—
Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God,
The everlasting Father, Prince of Peace,
His name—his government shall still increase.

2 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn.
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe! be born!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers:
Prepare the way! the God, the God appears!
The God, the God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.

3 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise;
With heads declin'd, ye cedars homage pay;
Be smooth ye rocks; ye rapid floods give way!
The Saviour comes! by prophets long foretold!
Hear him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!

4 Now crimes shall cease, and Error's empire fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the earth her olive wand extend;
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
No sigh repeated, the wide world shall hear,
Since Jesus stoops—to wipe each contrite tear.

5 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;

Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promis'd Father of an endless age.

6 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
Receiving life, preparing for the skies!

No. 36.—C. M.

1 DOWN from the worlds of radiant light
Behold the Saviour come,
To ransom souls from endless night;
And bring the wand'rers home.

2 He calls us to his dear embrace,
From mis'ry and despair;
Bids us receive his wond'rous grace,
And seek salvation there.

3 We come, Emmanuel, at thy call,
Believe thy glad'ning Word;
Renounce our sins, ourselves, our all,
And glory in our Lord.

4 Salvation to Jehovah's name
With grateful hearts we sing,
And join our voices to proclaim
Our Saviour and our King.

5 Immortal praise to God belongs,
For such unfathom'd love;
Join all below in rapt'rous songs,
And shout ye hosts above.

No. 37.—ALL 7S.

1 HARK! the skies with music sound!
Heav'nly glory beams around;
Christ is born! the angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Peace is come, good-will appears,
Sinners, wipe away your tears;
Christ for you in flesh to-day
Humbly in the manger lay.

3 Shepherds tending flocks by night,
Heard the song, and saw the light;
Took their reeds, and softest strains,
Echo'd thro' the happy plains.

4 Mortals, hail the glorious King!
Richest incense cheerful bring;
Praise and love Emmanuel's name,
And his boundless grace proclaim.

No. 38.—C. M.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
While sweet seraphic fire,
Thro' all the shining legions ran,
And tun'd the golden lyre.

3 Swift thro' the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new—
'Twas more than heav'n could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
To bear the news to man.

5 Wrapt in the silence of the night,
Lay all the eastern world,
When bursting, glorious, heav'nly light
The wond'rous scene unfurl'd.

6 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious, heav'nly throng.

7 Hail, Prince of life, for ever hail,
Redeemer, Father, friend!
Tho' earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

No. 39.—L. M.

1 SEE, Gabriel swift descend to earth,
Glad to foretel a Saviour's birth;
Hark! a full choir of angels sing:
The new-born Saviour, and the King.

2 Behold these swift-wing'd envoys wait
On Jesus, in his humble state;
The desert and the garden prove
Their glowing zeal, their tender love.

3 But who their mighty joys can tell,
When Jesus vanquish'd death and hell?
They saw the glorious conqu'ror rise,
And fill'd his friends with sweet surprise.

4 Still are these glorious hosts above
Employ'd in messages of love;
On saints below they cheerful wait,
Nor think the work beneath their state.

5 Jesus, my Lord, my living friend,
May these thy servants me attend
Thro' life; and when I quit this clay,
Safe to thine arms my soul convey.

No. 40.—S. M.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion behold thy Saviour King,
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heav'nly light!
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ,
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad!
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

No. 41.—C. M.

1 TO our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd;
His great salvation shines abroad
And makes the nations blest.

2 Joy to the world! the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her king;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

3 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns,
Let men their songs employ:
While lands and seas, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

4 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor violence abound;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Wherever man is found

5 He rules the world with righteousness,
And makes the nation prove
The blessing of his truth and grace,
The wonders of his love.

No. 42.—P. M.

SECOND ADVENT.

1 TO welcome Jesus, God of love,
Let earth and heav'n in rapture rise;
Your tongues in praise, ye christians, move,
Ye angels sing above the skies:
Be Jesu's dear-lov'd name with pleasure sung,
By earth and heav'n, by all of ev'ry tongue.

2 He comes again to bless our race,
Reveal the glories of his Word,
To teach the wonders of his grace,
And reign the only God and Lord.
Sinners prepare your hearts, give Jesus room,
Your God is love, to bless you is he come.

3 Redeem'd by mercy, come and bring
Your grateful tribute to your God;
Exalt the goodness of your King,
And spread his nameless love abroad.
Love shall attune our hearts and tongues to raise
An everlasting song to Jesu's praise.

No. 43.—C. M.

1 NOW to our God a song of praise,
For holy is his name;
Gracious and true are all his ways,
We will his love proclaim.

2 See from his throne divinely flow
His heav'nly truth and love;
Now we his great redemption know,
His richest mercy prove.

3 He is the Lord, our only God,
He comes to men again;
His truth and love are spread abroad,
And glorious is his reign.

4 Jesus, thou hast to us made known
The doctrines of thy Word;
Thou art our Saviour God alone,
We know no other Lord.

5 To thee our songs of praise arise,
Thou wilt accept our lays;
And as to purer states we rise,
We 'll give thee purer praise.

No. 44.—L. M.

1 BEGIN the song, aloud rejoice,
Join ev'ry heart, and ev'ry voice;
Jesus the God of heav'n proclaim,
And publish thro' the world his name.

2 Hark! angels sing his praise above,
The heav'ns re-echo with his love;
His second advent angels sing,
And with new songs they hail their King.

3 Ye christians, learn the rapt'rous lays,
In songs of love advance his praise;
O welcome Jesus to the soul,
And sound his name from pole to pole.

4 Now, now shall we his glory know,
The Lord our God will dwell below;
In his New Church make his abode,
And reign with us, the mighty God.

5 Rise, ev'ry heart, with rapture sing,
Hail Jesus, hail him God and King;
With all the holy angels vie,
In songs of love and equal joy.

No. 45.—C. M.

1 ARISE, ye happy christians, rise,
And join the cheerful song;
Let notes of praise salute the skies,
And heav'n the sound prolong.

2 Jesus the God, th' eternal Lord,
A second time appears;
Fulfils his own prophetic Word,
And his new kingdom rears.

3 Jerusalem from heav'n descends,
In robes of light divine;
And soon the earth's remotest ends
Shall see her glory shine.

4 Jesus in his new kingdom reigns,
No other God we know;
His name resounds thro' heav'n's domains,
We shout his praise below.

No. 46.—C. M.

1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God,
In latter days shall rise
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they say,
And to his house we 'll go.

3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King, who reigns in Salem's towers,
Shall the whole world command.

4 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife,
Disturb those happy years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore:
They 'll lay the martial trumpet by,
And study war no more.

No. 47.—P. M.

JUDGMENT.

1 LO! he comes, in clouds descending,
Ev'ry eye shall see him plain,
Whilst ten thousand saints attending,
Fill the glory of his train;
Hallelujah, Christ in spirit comes to reign.

2 Behold the bright and morning Star,
Blazing with eternal flame,
Hark! seraphic songs from far
Chant the great Redeemer's name;
Hallelujah, echoes thro' the vaulted frame.

3 See the glorious God descending,
See the angels in array,
Hark! the awful trumpet sounding,
Come to judgment, come away;
Hallelujah, come to judgment, come away.

4 'Tis done!—the awful process ended,
Nature's clouds are swept away;
The King of glory, now descended,
Opens an eternal day;
Hallelujah, hail, all hail, eternal day!

No. 48.—C. M.

1 BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

3 He like a tree of gen'rous kind,
By living waters set,
Safe from the storm and blasting winds
Enjoy a peaceful state.

4 Green as the leaf, and ever fair
Shall his profession shine;
Whilst fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Among the sons of grace,
When Christ, the judge, at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell.

No. 49.—L. M.

REDEMPTION.

1 THE joyful happy day appears,
Jehovah dries his Zion's tears;
He comes to bless the humble race,
And show the wonders of his grace.

2 Behold, our God, the mighty God,
Who spread the numerous worlds abroad,
Is our Redeemer; we rejoice,
And praise his name with cheerful voice.

3 We 'll trust in him, nor be afraid,
Jehovah is our fortress made;
He is our aid, his arm is strong,
And we 'll exalt him in our song.

4 Wells of salvation open stand,
And living waters bless the land;
Now, while we draw the truths divine,
Our grateful praises, Lord, be thine.

No. 50.—L. M.

1 GREAT God of heav'n, it cannot be
That good and evil flow from thee;
Thou art eternally the same,
And love and mercy are thy name.

2 Thy ways are truth, thy laws are right,
Justice and mercy thy delight;
To all thy tender mercies flow,
In heav'n above, and earth below.

3 Thou didst in love our race create,
Holy and happy was their state;
And when by sin thy creatures fell,
Thou didst redeem their souls from hell.

4 To all thy grace is freely giv'n,
And thou wouldst lead them all to heav'n;
Thy nature 's love, thy dealings kind,
Nor one for hell was e'er design'd.

5 Great God! how kind are all thy ways!
How free thy love, how rich thy grace!
All needful aid to us is giv'n,
And we have pow'r to rise to heav'n.

No. 51.—C. M.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes from thickest films of vice
To purge the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night,
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

No. 52.—L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, awake and sing
The praises of thy heav'nly King;
Awake and join the sacred throng,
The Saviour's love demands thy song.

2 In grateful strains attune thy lyre,
And emulate th' angelic choir;
Loudly the joyful news proclaim,
Salvation is in Jesu's name.

3 Salvation! shout the glorious sound,
Proclaim it to the world around,
Tell ev'ry fearful, trembling soul,
The Saviour's Word shall make him whole.

4 I 'll praise him whilst I have my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
O may my happy spirit rise,
To join the chorus in the skies!

No. 53.—S. M.

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
And with a cheerful voice;
In God, the source of all thy joys,
Thy Saviour God, rejoice.

2 His robes were stain'd in blood,
When he subdu'd his foes;
And 'twas for us the mighty God
To conquer hell arose.

3 By his almighty pow'r
Against the hells he fought;
And in the great and awful hour
Our full redemption wrought!

4 His wond'rous mercy sing,
Ye servants of the Lord;
To him your thankful praises bring,
His nameless love record.

5 He owns us for his sheep,
He breaks the tyrant's rod;
His flock he will in safety keep,
Our Saviour is our God.

No. 54.—L. M.

1 JESUS the Man of love we sing,
The creature's Servant, and their King:
In robes of flesh the Saviour came,
And bore for us contempt and shame.

2 By suff'ring and temptation try'd,
Jesus his human glorify'd;
Redeem'd mankind from sin and pain,
And open'd heav'n to all again.

3 A fallen world he came to save,
He rose victorious from the grave:
His death and resurrection prove
How vast his pow'r, how great his love.

4 To Jesus be all glory giv'n,
Saviour of men, and God of heav'n:
Redeeming love we joyful sing,
And triumph in our God and King.

No. 55.—7s.

1 NOW begin the heav'nly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name!
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by redeeming love.

4 Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now from bliss no longer rove,
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

5 Welcome all by sin opprest,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

6 When his Spirit leads us home,
When we to his glory come,
We shall all the fulness prove
Of our Lord's redeeming love.

7 He subdu'd th' infernal pow'rs;
Those tremendous foes of ours
From their cursed empire drove—
Mighty in redeeming love.

8 Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each cheerful string;
Mortals join the host above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

No. 56.—C. M.

1 MY God, what silken cords are thine!
How soft, and yet how strong!
While love and truth in pow'r combine
To draw our souls along.

2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of Sin:
Thy hand the iron bondage broke,
Our worthless hearts to win.

3 Hence comfort, through this vale of tears,
In rich profusion flows,
And glory of unnumber'd years
Eternity bestows.

4 Drawn by such cords, we onward move.
Till round thy throne we meet;
And, captives in the chains of love,
Embrace our Conqu'ror's feet.

No. 57.—P. M.

1 REDEMPTION claims our highest lays,
To Jesus Christ belongs the praise;
The lofty theme should fire the soul,
And music's richest numbers roll.
Our blest Redeemer is the God we own,
Then swell the chorus to his name alone.

2 Unseen, unknown, and unreveal'd,
No creature's eye our God beheld,
Till He the wond'rous work begun,
And show'd the Father in the Son;
Jehovah now as Jesus Christ is known,
Then swell the chorus to his name alone.

3 From heav'n His pitying eye survey'd
The ruin sin on earth had made;
He saw His creatures run the road
Which led from happiness and God;
He saw, and saved—the work was all His own,
Then swell the chorus to His name alone.

4 Swift from supernal realms of day,
Seraphic minstrels wing'd their way,
To hail the great Redeemer's birth,
And publish peace to men on earth:
"To God give glory"—sung the joyous throng,
Let men and angels still repeat the song.

5 Alas! no human accents can
Express the love of God to man;
Who, to redeem the sinful worm,
Assum'd the human mind and form;
Was born a man, that man might be re-born;
Then let us praise Him on His natal morn.

No. 58.—C. M.

PROVIDENCE.

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I 'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 O how shall words with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in pray'r.

5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.

6 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently clear'd my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face!
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand, with worldly bliss,
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

11 Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I 'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I 'll raise,
For O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

No. 59.—L. M.

1 THRO' all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O Lord, conducts, unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

2 Thou givest with paternal care
Whate'er thy wisdom judges best;
And all thy heav'nly bounty share,
With equal mercies all are blest.

3 All things on earth, and all in heav'n,
On thy blest providence depend;
They all for greatest good were given,
And all shall in thy glory end.

4 This be my care, to pass my days
Obedient to thy holy Word,
Resign'd to all thy gracious ways,
And grateful live to thee my Lord.

No. 60.—S. M.

1 TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will receive his saints
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
To joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the riches of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

5 To our redeeming God
Wisdom and pow'r belong,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

No. 61.—C. M.

1 LORD, all I am is known to thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts are seen by thee, O Lord,
Before they 're formed within,
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
Thou know'st the sense I mean.

4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where shall a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Inclos'd on ev'ry side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

No. 62.—C. M.

1 O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame;
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

6 Jesus, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be thou our guide while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

No. 63.—L. M.

1 WHEN earthly comforts fade away,
Assist me, Lord, resign'd, to say,
Tho' awful judgments round me roll,
Thou art the portion of my soul.

2 Altho' the fig-tree cease to bear,
The vine no mantling cluster wear,
The labour of the olive fail,
Nor verdant pastures clothe the vale:

3 Tho' bleating flocks should perish all;
Nor fatten'd herds adorn the stall;
And tho' this dismal sight and sound
Spread deathful famine all around:

4 Yet in my God will I rejoice,
With thankful heart, and cheerful voice;
His praise shall still my pow'rs employ,
And his salvation be my joy.

No. 64.—ALL 8s.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care,
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads,
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
The barren wilderness shall smile,

With sudden green and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

No. 65.—L. M.

1 BEHOLD the lily's silken vest,
How finely wove in nature's loom,
No king, in ermin'd splendour drest,
Can match its richness or perfume.

2 Yet void of art or toil it grows,
Looks bright, and lives its transient hour;
Frail man, forget thy earth-born woes,
The hand that made, preserves the flower.

3 And see in tracts of desert air,
The feather'd people widely roam,
God makes their little wants his care,
He hears their cry, and guards them home.

4 If thus he clothe the lily race,
Which bud, and blossom but to die,
If thus from heav'n, his lofty place,
He heeds the humble things that fly,

5 Shall faithless man, to fears a prey,
In dark despondence waste his hours?
Can love's exhaustless source decay,
Or are we less than birds or flowers?

No. 66.—C. M.

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform:
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

No. 67.—C. M.

1 HOW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art nor slow to hear
Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

5 In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness we 'll adore;
We 'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

6 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be:
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

No. 68.—C. M.

1 GOD reigns; events in order flow,
Man's industry to guide;
But in a different channel go,
To humble human pride.

2 The swift, not always in the race,
Shall win the crowning prize;
Not always wealth and honour grace
The labours of the wise.

3 Proud mortals do themselves beguile,
When on themselves they rest;
Blind is their wisdom, vain their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblest.

4 'Tis ours, the furrows to prepare,
And sow the precious grain;
'Tis thine to give the sun and air,
And to command the rain.

5 In all thy ways, we humbly own,
Thy providential pow'r;
Entrusting to thy care alone,
The lot of ev'ry hour.

No. 69.—C. M.

1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Is pleas'd to be my guide:
The shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supply'd.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wand'ring feet reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

4 I 'll pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 With liberal and unceasing care,
He does my table spread;
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head.

No. 70.—P. M.

1 THO' troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scriptures assure us, *The Lord will provide.*

2 The birds, without barn or storehouse are fed:
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be deny'd,
So long as 'tis written, *The Lord will provide.*

3 We may, like the ships, by tempests be tost
On perilous deeps, but will not be lost:
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
The promise engages, *The Lord will provide.*

4 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great name;
In this, our strong tow'r, for safety we hide;
The Lord is our pow'r, *The Lord will provide.*

5 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace shall comfort us through;
No fearing or doubting with Christ on our side;
We hope to die trusting, *The Lord will provide.*

No. 71.—C. M.

1 WHO, gracious Father! can complain,
Under thy mild and gentle reign?
Who does a weight of duty share,
More than his aids and pow'rs can bear?

2 With diff'ring climes, and diff'ring lands,
With fertile plains and barren sands,
Thy hand hath framed this earthly round,
And set each nation in its bound.

3 So various, thy celestial ray
Here sheds a full, there fainter day.
The God of all, unkind to none,
To all the path of life hath shown.

4 Large is the bounty of his hand:
He will a large return demand.
Haste then, my soul! thy work pursue,
And keep the heav'nly prize in view.

No. 72.—C. M.

1 NOT from relentless fate's dark womb,
Or from the dust, our troubles come.
No fickle chance presides o'er grief,
To cause the pain, or send relief.

2 Look up, and see, ye sorrowing saints!
The cause and cure of your complaints.
Know 'tis your heav'nly Father's will:
Bid ev'ry murmur then be still.

3 He sees, we need the painful yoke;
Yet love directs his heaviest stroke.
He takes no pleasure in our smart,
But wounds to heal and cheer the heart.

4 Blest trials those that cleanse from sin,
And make the soul all pure within,
Wean the fond mind from earthly toys,
To seek and taste celestial joys!

No. 73.—C. M.

THE CHURCH.

1 JEHOVAH, Lord of truth divine,
Thy Word of grace proclaim;
Oh! may it spread from land to land,
Till all shall know thy name!

2 We long to see thy church increase,
Thy own new kingdom grow;
That all the earth may live in peace,
And heav'n be seen below.

3 Prosper the labours of our hands
To spread thy truth abroad;
May ev'ry weak attempt promote
The knowledge of our God.

4 Go forth, blest Lord, in all thy pow'r,
The distant nations bring;
In thy own kingdom may they stand,
And know their God and King.

5 One gen'ral chorus then shall rise
From men of ev'ry tongue;
And songs of joy salute the skies,
By ev'ry nation sung.

No. 74.—C. M.

1 REJOICE, ye happy souls, rejoice,
Who in New Salem stand;
And let your all-harmonious voice
Sound high from land to land.

2 All nations soon shall hear and see,
How great your favours prove;
How wond'rous rich those blessings be,
Which flow from Jesu's love.

3 Jerusalem, divinely blest,
In all its grandeur new,
Shall be by ev'ry tongue confest,
When they your glory view.

4 Delightful church, the Lord's abode!
Here stands Jehovah's throne,
The habitation of our God,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

5 Delightsome land of oil and wine,
Here milk and honey flow:
Celestial blessings here combine,
And fruits immortal grow.

6 Here will we take our joyful rest,
Nor e'er from Salem roam;
For ever and for ever blest
In this our happy home.

No. 75.—S. M.

1 THE holy city see,
In all its glory stand;
Quick to its gates, ye people, flee,
From ev'ry distant land.

2 Now one eternal day
Shall in the city reign;
Darkness and night are fled away,
Ne'er to return again.

3 Ye distant lands attend,
Ye people that are nigh,
Behold Jerusalem descend
In grandeur from on high.

4 The gates wide open view,
The Lord invites you in;
Its honours are for me, for you,
And all who flee from sin.

5 Jesus is Lord alone,
In Zion, lo! he reigns:
Bow to his sceptre, Jesus own,
And walk the golden plains.

6 O happy, happy state!
Great God, we thankful come,
Low at thy footstool humbly wait,
Till thou shalt take us home.

7 Jerusalem shall be
Our peaceful, blest abode;
Here will we love and honour thee,
Our Jesus and our God!

No. 76.—L. M.

1 JERUSALEM, arise and sing,
In highest strains, to God your King;
'Tis yours to give the purest lays,
'Tis yours the noblest songs to raise.

2 You are his church, his chosen bride,
With you Jehovah doth reside;
'Tis you his richest favours prove,
And you must sing the song of love.

3 Come, sound his holy name abroad,
Hossanna to our Saviour God;
To him be endless praises giv'n,
By his new church in earth and heav'n.

4 Ye holy angels all above,
Come join our song of joy and love;
One universal chorus raise,
And earth and heav'n resound his praise.

5 To Jesus, Lord and God alone,
Who reigns on heav'n's eternal throne,
Be glory, power, and honour sung,
By ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue.

No. 77.—C. M.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, the mighty Lord,
And Jesus is his name;
Now in his church his praise record,
Ye saints, his pow'r proclaim.

2 Zion rejoice, and Judah sing,
Your hearts and tongues employ;
In notes divine exalt your King,
And boundless be the joy.

3 Jesus shall reign from sun to sun,
In ev'ry clime and land;
His holy kingdom is begun,
And must for ever stand.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and proclaim
His truth, his pow'r, and love:
Throughout the earth make known his name,
And sing, ye hosts above.

5 On truth and good is built his throne,
The idol gods must fall,
Jesus Jehovah rule alone,
The sov'reign Lord of all.

No. 78.—C. M.

1 NOW blessing, honour, glory, praise,
By angel-hosts are sung;
The saints below their voices raise,
And join the heav'nly throng.

2 Ador'd be he, who comes to bless
The nations with his love;
To show his truth and righteousness,
And ev'ry cloud remove.

3 Blest be our God, who comes to reign
In Zion's happy land:
Jerusalem is built again,
And shall for ever stand.

4 No more this kingdom shall decay,
No more the temple fall;
Here Jesus reigns with endless sway,
The King and Lord of all.

No. 79.—L. M.

1 JERUSALEM, thou church divine,
In all your heav'nly glory shine;
Your brightest robes of glory wear,
And for your God and King prepare.

2 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates;
Behold, the King of glory waits;
Ye everlasting doors, give way,
The King of Zion comes to-day.

3 "Who is the King of glory? tell!"
The mighty Lord, who conquer'd hell;
Strong is his arm, divine his might,
'Tis he who puts your foes to flight.

4 Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates;
Behold, the King of glory waits.
"Who is the King of glory, say,
"That comes in grandeur on the way?"

5 The Lord of hosts, the mighty God,
Who rules his foes with iron rod;
'Tis he who your salvation brings,
Jesus the Lord, the King of kings.

No. 80.—ALL 8s.

1 AWAY with our sorrows and fears,
At length we 've recover'd our home;
The city of saints now appears,
The day of redemption is come.
Afflictions and trials are past,
We dwell in our native abode,
The house, which for ever shall last,
The palace of angels and God.

2 Our mourning is all at an end,
Since, sav'd by the life-giving Word,
We see the new city descend,
Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord:
The city so holy and clean,
No sorrow can breathe in the air,
No gloom of affliction is seen,
No shadow of evil is there.

3 In raptures we now can behold
The heav'nly Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold,
As crystal her buildings are clear.
Immoveably founded in truth,
She stands on a rock so secure,
She 'll flourish, immortal, in youth,
For ages of ages endure.

4 No need of the sun in this day,
Which ne'er shall be follow'd by night,
For Jesus himself doth display
A pure and a permanent light.
The Lamb is our light and our sun,
His glory pervades the wide heav'n;
Jehovah and Jesus are one,
No other salvation is giv'n.

5 The saints in his presence receive
Their great and eternal reward;
With him they for ever shall live,
And reign in the smile of their Lord.
Now kindles the fire in our breast,
The flame of angelical love;
With heav'n upon earth we are blest,
With joys that come down from above.

No. 81.—C. M.

1 SAY, who is she that looks abroad
Like the sweet blushing dawn,
When with her living light she paints
The dew-drops of the lawn?

2 Fair as the moon when in the skies
Serene her throne she guides,
And o'er the twinkling stars supreme,
In full orb'd glory rides;

3 Clear as the sun, when from the east,
Without a cloud he springs,
And scatters boundless light and heat
From his resplendent wings;

4 Tremendous as an host that moves
Majestically slow,
With banners wide display'd, all arm'd,
And fearless of the foe!

5 This is the church, by heav'n array'd,
With strength and grace divine;
Thus shall she strike her foes with dread,
And thus her glories shine.

No. 82.—8s & 7s.

1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word can not be broken,
Form'd thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With Salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

2 See, the streams of living waters
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:

Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows thy thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear!
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near:
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

4 Blest inhabitants of Zion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
Jesus, whom their souls rely on,
Makes them kings and priests to God:
'Tis his love his people raises
Over self to reign as kings:
And as priests, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

5 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I through grace a member am;
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in thy name;
'Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show!
Solid joys and lasting treasure,
None but Zion's children know.

No. 83.—C. M.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the blest assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n,
And God, the judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

No. 84.—C. M.

1 HAPPY the church! thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace!
Thy holy courts are his abode,
The earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly angels waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Built on the counsels of his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against thy walls in vain they rage;
Like rising waves, with anger roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the power of earth or hell;
Since God defends this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

5 God is our sun, God is our shield,
Light and protection he will yield,
And we, beneath the genial rays,
Will sing his love, and speak his praise.

No. 85.—L. M.

1 O HAPPY church, celestial bride,
Thy Husband will with thee reside;
With matchless glory thou shalt shine,
In robes of honour all divine.

2 Silver and gold her happy dress,
Truth, meekness, love, and righteousness;
Holy without, and pure within,
Free from the guilt of reigning sin.

3 Her laws and doctrines just and right;
Her priests, the ministers of light;
Her order, from the courts above,
And all her service done in love.

4 Her discipline is from the Word,
Her head and ruler is the Lord,
Her sons and daughters all agree,
And live in peace and charity.

5 Her journey is the holy way
Which leads to everlasting day;
And her eternal sure reward,
A crown of glory with the Lord.

No. 86.—C. M.

1 THE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What mortal flesh can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires,
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temple of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy glory still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And learn thy holy will.

4 When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

5 Should friends and kindred, near and dear,
Leave me to want or die,
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

6 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He 'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And elevate your hope.

No. 87.—C. M.

1 THE kingdom, Lord, belongs to thee,
In thy Divine Humanity;
Now wilt thou judge in righteousness,
And all the poor in mercy bless.

2 How happy all thy servants are,
Who in thy church a dwelling share;
Mountains and hills with blessings flow,
And love and peace abound below.

3 The kings of Sheba now shall bring
Celestial off'rings to their King;
Worship the Lord from love sincere,
And joyful in his courts appear.

4 Now Sheba's gold, celestial love,
The welcome sacrifice shall prove;
And Sheba's silver, truth divine,
With heav'nly love in worship join.

5 Jesus the sacrifice will own,
As humbly we approach his throne;
And while we serve him thus below,
Our peace shall like a river flow.

No. 88.—C. M.

WORSHIP.

1 'TIS good to praise Jehovah's name,
And of his mercy sing;
To speak of his eternal fame,
And celebrate our King.

2 Sweet is the work to sing and tell
The goodness of the Lord;
How we by love are rais'd from hell,
And by the truth restor'd.

3 'Tis pleasant to exalt our God,
Who gathers outcasts in,
And sends his love and truth abroad,
To heal the plague of sin.

4 The broken heart of deepest wound
The Lord in mercy heals;
Makes dying sinners strong and sound,
And for the wretched feels.

5 Sing to the Lord, his love declare,
My voice shall gladly join;
He saves our souls, we are his care,
His mercy is divine.

No. 89.—L. M.

1 NOW let our souls on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heav'n's eternal joys?

3 Should aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

4 Welcome sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.

5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above:
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

No. 90.—P. M.

1 TO thee, my God and friend,
I raise my morning song;
Thou dost my life defend,
Thy arm of pow'r is strong.
My many foes
Beset me round;
But sweet repose
From thee I found.

2 While on my bed I rest,
Amidst the shades of night,
My wakeful mind is blest
With heav'nly love and light.
Thy holy Word
Is brought to mind;
And there, O Lord,
I pleasure find.

3 If sleep pervade my frame,
I still am safe in sleep;
For angels in thy name,
My soul and body keep.
How rich and great
Thy mercies prove!
The angels wait
On men in love!

4 Now blest with morning light,
To thee I give the day;
And in thy love and light
I 'll still pursue my way;
Till thou shalt raise
My soul above,
Where all is praise,
And all is love.

No. 91.—ALL 8s.

1 ENGAG'D in thy worship, O Lord,
If languid and dull be my heart,
Awaken me straight with thy Word,
Thy grace to enliven impart.

2 I 'd never sit joyless, as dead,
While others rejoice in thy name;
Nor mournfully hang down my head,
While they thy rich mercy proclaim.

3 From formal to faithful I 'd rise,
From coldness to rapture and love;
I long for the heavenly joys,
To raise my affections above.

4 The shadow, the form, and the name,
Are nothing, dear Saviour, to me;
The pow'r, and the life, and the flame,
Can only conjoin me with thee.

No. 92.—S. M.

1 LORD, at thy sacred feet
Joyful would we appear;
Within thy earthly temple meet
To see thy glory here.

2 We come to worship thee,
For thou art God alone;
In humble pray'r to bend the knee,
Before thy holy throne.

3 Thy Word is our delight,
Thy truth will make us free;
'Tis from thyself a heav'nly light,
It leads our souls to thee.

4 Thy goodness we behold,
While in thy presence, Lord;
Thy wond'rous truth and love unfold
The treasures of thy Word.

5 In all our meetings here,
Our souls are blest with good;
Thou wilt to waiting minds be near,
And give thy children food.

6 So will we render praise
To thee, the God of love;
With pleasure walk in all thy ways,
Till we shall meet above.

No. 93.—s. m.

1 HOW happy when we meet
To hear the holy Word;
To bow at Jesu's blessed feet,
Who is our only Lord.

2 Here saints with rapture join,
To serve the God of heav'n,
And here they taste the living wine,
From Jesus freely giv'n:

3 In love and wisdom grow,
In holiness abound;
Cheerful to brighter kingdoms go,
Where richer joys are found.

4 Jehovah smites the rock,
The living waters rise;
Refresh the humble, thirsty flock,
With true substantial joys.

5 The bread of life is giv'n,
The saints with rapture feed;
Ten thousand blessings flow from heav'n,
And here we 're blest indeed.

No. 94.—ALL 8s.

1 THE Lord is here, let us adore,
And own how awful is this place!
Let all within us feel his pow'r,
And, silent, bow before his face!
Who know his pow'r, his grace who prove,
Serve him in fear, with rev'rence love.

2 Lo, God is here! him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthron'd above all height,
Heav'n's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a feebler tongue.

3 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will;
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!

No. 95.—8s. & 6s.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below:
Praise him, the holy God of love,
And all his goodness show.
Praise him for all his noble deeds,
And for his matchless pow'r:
Praise him, from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heav'n adore.

2 With joy we 'll spread to all abroad
The great Emmanuel's name:
Let ev'ry heart confess him God,
Him "Lord of hosts" proclaim.
Praise him with ev'ry tuneful string,
And all your heav'nly art:
With all the pow'r of music, bring
The music of the heart.

3 Praise him in whom we move and live,
Let ev'ry creature sing;
And glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King.
With songs we 'll praise his name beneath,
Jesus, be thou ador'd:
O praise the Lord with ev'ry breath;
Let all things praise the Lord.

No. 96.—C. M.

1 MY God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights:

2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
When Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Ascend with joy the shining way,
To see and praise the Lord.

No. 97.—L. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Lord, thou just and true,
What songs of praise to thee are due!
Our happy state to thee we owe,
And grateful hymns of praise shall flow.

2 As we advance in Wisdom's ways,
Thy love demands new songs of praise;
Our pleasures, joys, and hopes increase,
And all within is settl'd peace.

3 Our foes with weaker pow'r assail,
With strength increasing we prevail;
Above temptation's pow'r we rise,
And press with zeal to yonder skies.

4 Transporting thought! celestial state!
For this we live, for this we wait;
And while we take the happy road,
Our songs of praise ascend to God.

No. 98.—P. M.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 For ten thousand mercies granted,
For thy kingdom brought thus nigh,
For the promise of what 's wanted,
Let our praises rise on high.

3 Thanks receive, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

No. 99.—L. M.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He doth create, and not destroy.

2 His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We 'll crowd his gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill his courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is his command,
Vast as eternity his love;
Firm as a rock his truth shall stand,
Tho' rolling years should cease to move.

No. 100.—L. M.

1 WITH one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise.

2 Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

3 O enter then his temple gate,
Thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless.

4 For he 's the Lord, supremely good,
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

No. 101.—L. M.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite,
To make the duty our delight.

2 He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom 's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drown'd!

3 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens, when they cry.

5 What is the creatures' skill or force,
The sprightly man, or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb,
Are all too mean delights for him.

6 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight!
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And views and loves his image there.

No. 102.—C. M.

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end,
The numbers of thy grace?

2 Thou art my everlasting trust,
Thy goodness I adore:
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord,
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road:
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake, awake my tuneful pow'rs,
With this delightful song,
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

No. 103.—C. M.

1 GIVE to the Lord a new-made song:
The strain from thee must flow;
To thee, blest Bride, to thee belong
New praises here below.

2 By Egypt can his love be sung,
Shall she his truths declare?
Alas! she knows not Canaan's tongue,
Nor what his mercies are.

3 No stranger's voice his deeds can tell.
His mighty acts proclaim,
And say how man he saves from hell;
'Tis thou must speak his fame.

4 In thee, thy God, with sevenfold light,
His brightest beams displays;
O then, to what an heav'nly height,
Should swell thy sounding lays.

5 But how will man's unhallow'd ear
Receive thy notes of praise?
The thunder's crash he seeks to hear,
And view the lightning's blaze.

6 Thy God another glory shows,
Jerusalem, to thee,
His yielding love subdues his foes,
And deep humility.

7 He to the lacerating scourge
His suffering body gave,
Saw those the shameful insult urge,
He, dying, strove to save.

8 That brow, which earth could not adorn,
Nor heav'n's resplendent beams,
Was circled with the piercing thorn,
And stain'd with bleeding streams.

9 The mocking reed to him was giv'n,
Whose awful sceptre sways
The extended realms of earth and heav'n,
And hell itself obeys.

10 All hail, O King! the scoffing crowd
With bending knee exclaim,
Whilst angels sing hosannas loud,
And bless his holy name.

11 But what were these to that dread hour,
Gethsemane, in thee!
No tongue can tell what then he bore,
No human eye could see.

12 What to that moment's deeper gloom,
The cross's fearful night,
There could no ray of comfort come
From heav'n's all-cheering light.

13 Now Satan triumph'd, now he cried,
Who shall my power oppose?
But when the son of Mary died,
The Lord of life arose.

14 In strength arose, and down to hell
A mighty Conqueror came;
Then Satan, then, thy empire fell,
Then knew his wond'rous name.

No. 104.—C. M.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast
Till all, who are distrest,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

4 Oh, make but trial of his love!—
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

5 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make but his service your delight,—
Your wants shall be his care.

6 While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their needs supply'd.

No. 105.—S. M.

1 AND will th' eternal King
So mean a gift reward!
That off'ring, Lord, with joy we bring,
Which thine own hand prepar'd.

2 We own thy various claim,
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.

3 Descend, celestial fire!—
The sacrifice inflame;
So shall a grateful odour rise
Through our Redeemer's name.

No. 106.—L. M.

1 JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confin'd,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee, where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 And though, O Lord, the flock be few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care:
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.

5 Behold, at thy commanding word,
We stretch the curtain and the cord;
Come thou and fill this wider space,
And bless us with a large increase.

6 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear,
O rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own!

No. 107.—L. M.

1 ALL Glorious God, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise!
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heav'n stands open to our view.

2 Once we were fall'n, and O how low!
Just on the brink of endless wo;
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,

3 Scatter'd the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heav'nly light!
By him what wond'rous grace is shown
To souls impoverish'd and undone!

4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours;
Where saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy, happy state!

No. 108.—C. M.

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its pow'r no more;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There in the sun (how dazzling bright!)
Th' exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heav'nly minds.

5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs;
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire;
Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

No. 109.—S. M.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But those who know our heav'nly king
Will speak their joys abroad.

4 The God that rules on high
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky
And manages the seas,

5 This awful God is ours;
Our Father and our love:
He shall send down his heav'nly pow'rs
To carry us above.

6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin!
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

7 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

8 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

9 The Hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

10 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We 're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

No. 110.—C. M.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

4 Thine eye beholds with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.

5 Great God, to thy Almighty love,
What honours shall we raise?
Not all th' angelic songs above
Can render equal praise.

No. 111.—L. M.

1 DO angels bow before thy throne,
To thee their ev'ry off'ring send!
And shall not man thy godhead own
And low before thine altar bend?

2 Do all the first-born sons of light,
Their highest honour pay to thee!
Shall man withhold his humble mite,
Refuse to bend the suppliant knee?

3 Forbid it Lord!—our breasts inflame,
With holy zeal, with pure desire,
To sing the glories of thy name,
In concert with the heav'nly choir!

4 To thee, may our devotion rise;
For thee, each pious passion glow:
O may the fervours of the skies
Kindle in all our souls below.

5 Still, in the Sacred Bush, may we
Behold thy rays of Godhead shine;
"The angel of Thy Presence see,"
In ev'ry page, in ev'ry line!

6 While bands of shining hosts above,
All "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry;
Jesus, thou God of truth and love,
Amen, Amen, our hearts reply!

No. 112.—C. M.

1 SHOULD nature's charms, to please the eye,
In sweet assemblage join;
All nature's charms would droop and die,
Jesus, compar'd with thine.

2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
And vain her blooming store;
Her brightness languishes to shade,
Her beauty is no more.

3 But ah, how far from mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells!
A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals—

4 O could my longing spirit rise
On strong immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King!

5 There thousands worship at thy feet,
And there (divine employ!)
The triumphs of thy love repeat,
In songs of endless joy,

6 Thy presence beams eternal day
O'er all the blissful place;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face.

No. 113.—S. M.

1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way,
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n!

5 I hear thy word with love;
O help me to obey!
Send thy good spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 Whilst with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad;
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

No. 114.—C. M.

1 BEHOLD the rising dawn appear,
Which calls our willing feet
To tread thy courts, O God! and here
Our solemn praise repeat.

2 Fair Zion's gates are our delight;
Within her walls we stand;
And all her happy sons unite
In friendship's sacred band.

3 We love the place where Zion's Lord
Is pleas'd to show his face;
Here he proclaims his holy word,
And here accepts our praise.

4 Peace be within this hallow'd place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

5 Our souls shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
For here our friends and brethren dwell,
And here our Saviour reigns.

No. 115.—L. M.

1 GOD is our Sun, he makes our day,
God is our Shield, he guards our way
From all the assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.

2 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crowns that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

3 Blest are the men, whose stedfast mind
To Zion's gate is still inclin'd;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

4 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

No. 116.—P. M.

1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode
My heart aspires,
With warm desires,
To see my God.

2 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy,
Than thousand days beside;
Where God resorts,
I love it more
To keep the door,
Than shine in courts.

3 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!

They praise thee still,
And happy they,
Who find the way,
To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears.
O glorious seat!
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet.

No. 117.—L. M.

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise!

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills that threat the skies,
Subjected to his empire lies.

4 The rolling ocean's vast abyss
By the same sov'reign right is his;
'Tis mov'd by that Almighty hand,
Which form'd and fix'd the solid land.

5 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there!
Down on our knees devoutly all,
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

No. 118.—C. M.

1 O LORD, how worthy of our love
Is that delightful place,
Where we can meet to pray and hear
Thy word of truth and grace!

2 Our longing souls faint with desire,
To tread that blest abode;
Our panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

3 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving pow'r displays,
And light breaks in upon our eyes,
With kind and quick'ning rays.

4 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made;
Who love to tread the sacred ways,
Which to thy temple lead.

5 Thus they proceed by various steps,
And still approach more near,
'Till all on Zion's heav'nly mount,
Before their God appear.

No. 119.—L. M.

1 SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess:
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be deny'd,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
Whilst Justice, Temp'rance, Truth and Love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
Whilst we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And Faith stands leaning on his word.

No. 120.—C. M.

1 TH' uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precept heal?
Can fasts and penance reconcile
Th' estranged bosom to thy smile?

3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resign'd,
To thee a nobler off'ring yields,
Than *Sheba's* groves or *Sharon's* fields;

4 Than floods of oil, or costly wine,
Rolling by thousands to thy shrine;
Or than if to thine altar led,
A first-born son the victim bled.

5 "Be just and kind, and humble too,
In all you say, in all you do;
To men, your charity impart,
And love your God with all your heart."

No. 121.—C. M.

1 WHEREWITH shall guilty man appear
Before Jehovah's throne;
Or how procure thy kind regard,
And for his sins atone?

2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend?
Will these our earnest wish succeed,
And make our God our friend.

3 Should thousand rams in flames expire,
Would these thy favours buy?
Or oil that should for holy fire
Ten thousand streams supply?

4 With trembling hands and bleeding heart,
Should we our offspring slay?
Would this atone for ill desert,
And take our guilt away?

5 "No," saith the Lord, "'Tis fruitless all,
Such costly rites are vain;
No victims from the field or stall
My favour can obtain.

6 But truth to men and justice show,
And proofs of mercy give;
Then humbly walk with God below,
And you with God shall live.

7 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
I never will despise;
And cheerful duty will prefer
To costly sacrifice."

No. 122.—L. M.

1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sov'reign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn pray'r and praise.

2 "There," saith the Saviour, "will I be,
"Amid that little company;
"To them unveil my smiling face,
"And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send thy Spirit from above,
To manifest thy dying love.

No. 123.—C. M.

1 HOW did my heart rejoice, to hear
My friends devoutly say:
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road:
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face,

3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants blest.

4 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains,
There my best friends my kindred dwell;
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

No. 124.—C. M.

1 HOW shall we sinners come before
Our blessed Saviour's dazzling throne;
Or how acceptably adore
The great redeeming God we own?

2 Shall fatlings on His altar burn,
Or oil in bounteous rivers flow
Will God be pleas'd with such return
For all the mighty debt we owe?

3 Or shall we burst the tenderest tie
That binds the throbbing seat of sense,
And with our body's offspring buy
A pardon for our soul's offence?

4 Ah! no—a humble, contrite heart,
Is all the off'ring God requires;
Our only sacrifice, to part
With evil loves and false desires.

5 O let us, then, no longer stray
Along the dangerous paths we 've trod;
For he has plainly show'd the way
Which will conduct us back to God.

6 'Tis but to regulate the mind
By the pure precepts of His word;
To act with truth and love combin'd,
And humbly imitate the Lord.

No. 125.—C. M.

1 YE sons of men, come, seek the Lord,
While yet He may be found;
He 'll meet you in his holy word,
Where love and truth abound.

2 Call on Him while He yet is near
To hear a sinner's call;
A humble penitential tear
Will never vainly fall.

3 Let man forsake the sinner's road
Discard each vicious thought,
Return to Jesus, as his God,
And be by Jesus taught;

4 Then will the Lord his mercy show;
His pardon freely give;
Then man his only good will know,
And in that knowledge live.

No. 126.—C. M.

1 GOD is in His Holy Temple,
Sons of earth, be silent now;
Hither let the saints assemble,
And before His footstool bow.
Lo, He 's present with us ever,
When assembl'd in His name;
Aiding every good endeavour,
Guiding ev'ry humble aim.

2 God is in His Holy Temple,
'Tis each renovated mind,
Where the purer thoughts assemble,
While the base are cast behind.

Ev'ry earthly, low affection,
Long opposed, is silent now;
Every passion, in subjection,
Must at Wisdom's altar bow.

3 God is in His Holy Temple,
'Tis the church he calls His own,
'Tis the city where assemble
All who worship him alone.
New Jerusalem the holy
Is the city of our God,
There our Saviour governs solely,
With the balance and the rod.

4 God is in His Holy Temple,
'Tis the Body of our Lord;
Infidels may doubt and tremble,
We have learn'd it from his WORD;
From that WORD which wrought creation,
From that WORD which flesh became,
Which alone can give salvation—
God and Jesus are the same.

No. 127.—P. M.

SABBATH.

1 HAIL, happy day, the type of rest,
When all the faithful shall be blest,
And cease from toil and pain;
So we to-day the emblem prove,
Cease from all work, but praise and love,
And heav'nly peace obtain.

2 To-day our mighty Conqu'ror rose,
In triumph o'er his num'rous foes,
And death a captive bound;
So we from ev'ry evil rise,
Mount up in thought to yonder skies,
And walk on Zion's ground.

3 Be gone, then, ev'ry worldly care;
My soul to study, praise and pray'r
To-day be wholly giv'n;
I 'll humbly wait at Jesu's feet,
The saints in solemn worship meet,
And learn the way to heav'n.

4 Jesus will kindly condescend
To teach my soul, my heart amend,
And fill me with his love;
That ev'ry sabbath I may know
A rich foretaste of heav'n below,
The rest of saints above.

No. 128.—L. M.

1 THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that thy servants all aspire
With ardent hope, and strong desire.

2 There languor shall no more oppress;
The heart shall feel no more distress;
No moans shall mingle with the songs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

3 No anxious cares shall there annoy,
No conscious guilt disturb the joy;
But ev'ry doubt and fear shall cease,
And perfect love give perfect peace.

4 Soon shall the glorious day begin,
Which ends the reign of death and sin,
Lord, give us then those joys to know,
Which from celestial worship flow.

No. 129.—S. M.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to soar away
To everlasting bliss.

No. 130.—L. M.

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done!
Another Sabbath is begun!
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God has bless'd.

2 Come, praise the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to weary minds;
Provides an antepast of heav'n,
And gives this day the food of sev'n.

3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise
As grateful incense to the skies!
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose
Which none but he who feels it knows.

4 This heav'nly calm, within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

5 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new;
With praise we think on mercies past,
With hope we future pleasures taste.

6 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away;
The Sabbath thus we love to spend,
In hope of one which ne'er shall end.

No. 131.—P. M.

REPENTANCE & REFORMATION.

1 JESUS, God of all creation,
Pure, unbounded love thou art,
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter ev'ry waiting heart:
Breathe, O breathe thy holy spirit
Into ev'ry troubl'd breast;
Let us all thy grace inherit,
Let us find the promis'd rest.

2 Come, Almighty, to deliver!
May we all thy peace receive;
Quickly come, and then, O never,
Never more thy temples leave.

Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
And, thy mercy each possessing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

3 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure and spotless let us be;
May we feel thy great salvation,
Come with healing pow'r from thee;
Lord, we would on earth adore thee,
Till in heav'n we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

No. 132.—C. M.

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sov'reign mercy calls, "Return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wand'rer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wond'rous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing pow'r,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy cleansing love, so free, so sweet,
Bless'd Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

No. 133.—L. M.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 I would, but thou must give the pow'r,
My heart from ev'ry sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

5 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
Nor let thy chariot-wheels delay:
Appear in my poor heart, appear;
My God, my Saviour come away!

No. 134.—C. M.

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart unchang'd can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray:
Reason debas'd can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

3 Can aught beneath a pow'r divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.

4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From Reason's darken'd eyes.

5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heav'n, a vital ray
'Tis thine alone to give.

6 O change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our pow'rs,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

No. 135.—C. M.

1 HOW bless'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way;
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray!

2 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed;
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.

3 Thou strictly hast enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will;
And all our diligence employ,
Thy statutes to fulfil.

4 O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er our ways preside;
And we the course of all our life,
By thy directions guide!

5 Then with assurance should we walk
From all confusion free,
Convinc'd with joy, that all our ways
With thy commands agree.

No. 136.—C. M.

1 THOU art my portion, O my God!
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart prepares to obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

2 I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Can make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

4 If e'er I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

5 If thou incline this wand'ring heart,
Thy precepts to fulfil;
Then, till my mortal life shall end,
I shall perform thy will.

No. 137.—C. M.

REGENERATION.

1 O FOR a heart that's pure and clean,
A mind and will renew'd!
In life no base transgression seen,
But evils all subdu'd!

2 Nor will I dream, the heart and life
Are in a moment clean;
For long and painful is the strife,
That must be felt within.

3 Nobly the strife I will maintain,
And ev'ry sin oppose,
Till self and all its loves are slain,
And conquer'd all my foes.

4 But Lord, the arduous work is thine,
'Tis thou canst make me pure;
My soul to thee I will resign,—
In thee I am secure.

No. 138.—C. M.

1 THE state of conflict now is past,
The long temptations cease,
Darkness and storms no longer last,
The soul is blest with peace.

2 Jehovah's kind, all-pow'rful hand
Doth every cloud remove;
He guides us to a better land,
A land of rest and love.

3 Now waters from their fountains flow,
In soft and gentle rills,
Refresh our minds where'er we go,
O'er valleys, plains, or hills.

4 If walking thro' the humble vale,
Or on the mount we rise;
The living waters cannot fail,
The fountain never dries.

5 The wheat and barley, oil and wine,
Upon our board are spread:
Ten thousand blessings now combine,
And kindly we are fed.

6 O blessed state! O joyful day
Of plenty, peace, and rest!
Cheerful we 'll tread the desert way,
To be so richly blest.

7 Jesus will be our Saviour God,
When desolations come;
And thro' temptation's gloomy road
Guide us in sāfety home.

No. 139.—C. M.

1 NOT all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rights that Moses gave,
Nor will of men, nor blood, nor birth,
The guilty race can save.

2 God's spirit, like a heav'nly wind,
Blows on the sons of flesh;
Changes the heart, renews the mind,
And forms the man afresh.

3 Our quicken'd souls awake and rise,
From the long sleep of death;
To heav'nly things we turn our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

4 The sins and follies of our mind
Are crucified and dead;
By holy love our souls are join'd
To Christ our living head.

No. 140.—L. M.

1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright;
His presence fills the world above,
Th' eternal source of light and love.

2 This rising earth his eye beheld,
When in the deepest darkness veil'd;
The shapeless chaos, nature's womb,
Lay buried in eternal gloom.

3 "Let there be light," Jehovah said,
And light o'er all its face was spread;
The world array'd in charms unknown,
With all its new-born lustre shone.

4 He sees the mind obscur'd within
The shades of ignorance and sin;
And darts from heav'n a vital ray,
That changes darkness into day.

5 My soul, reviv'd by heav'n-born day,
Thy radiant image shall display,
Whilst all my faculties unite
To praise the Lord who gives me light.

No. 141.—P. M.

1 AMAZING beauteous change!
A world created new!
My thoughts with transport range
The lovely scene to view;
In all I trace,
Saviour divine,
The work is thine,
Be thine the praise.

2 See crystal fountains play
Amidst the burning sands:
The river's winding way
Shines through the thirsty lands;
New grass is seen,
And o'er the meads
Its carpet spreads
Of living green.

3 Where pointed brambles grew,
Entwin'd with horrid thorn,
Gay flow'rs, for ever new,
The painted fields adorn;
The blushing rose,
And lily there,
In union fair,
Their sweets disclose.

4 Where the bleak mountain stood,
All bare and disarray'd,
See the wide-branching wood
Diffuse its grateful shade;
Tall cedars nod,
And oaks and pines,
And elms and vines,
Confess the God.

5 The tyrants of the plain
Their savage chase give o'er;
No more they rend the slain,
And thirst for blood no more;
But infant hands,
Fierce tigers stroke,
And lions yoke
In flow'ry bands.

6 O when, Almighty Lord,
Shall these glad scenes arise,
To verify thy word,
And bless our wond'ring eyes?
That earth may raise,
With all its tongues,
United songs
Of ardent praise.

No. 142.—L. M.

1 THERE is a world—the world of mind,
By neither time nor space confin'd;
And when we cease in flesh to dwell,
That world will be our heaven or hell.

2 By fallen nature, 'tis, alas!
A rude, chaotic, shapeless mass;
Devoid of goodness, truth, or light,
And veil'd in blackest shades of night.

3 But He who gave creation birth,
Can re-create this mental earth;
For this His spirit, like a dove,
Broods o'er our secret thoughts in love.

4 If we consent to be renew'd,
And wish our evil lusts subdued;
"Let there be light," He says, and straight
We see our low disorder'd state.

5 Then do we seek to know the Lord,
Receive instruction from his word,
While He divides the day from night,
And we proceed from shade to light.

6 Lord, let thy spirit, like a dove,
Brood over all our souls in love,
Then give us light our state to see,
And we will give the praise to thee.

No. 143.—S. M.

1 OUR God can re-create,
And form the soul anew;
And all who will co-operate,
Shall find his promise true.

2 When we permit His light
Our evils to reprove,
And then those evils boldly fight,
He will the whole remove.

3 Though hard the contest prove,
And doubtful seem the fray,
He hovers o'er us with his love,
Till we have gain'd the day.

4 The Lord will then create
A firmament sublime,
Celestial thoughts to separate
From those of sense and time.

5 We then no more believe
The work to be our own;
But all of good that we receive
Ascribe to God alone.

6 Thus will a second birth,
Form heaven in the soul,
And man, a new created earth,
In order's orbit roll.

No. 144.—S. M.

1 O WHAT a beauteous scene
The third bright morning shows!
The earth array'd in smiling green,
The parted waves disclose.

2 The tender plant shall spring,
To grace the verdant field,
And every herb its seed shall bring,
Each tree its fruitage yield.

3 Thus *works* of pious zeal
From true repentance flow,
And the *new man* exults to feel,
A heaven begun below.

4 O may the dawning light
We now begin to see,
Dispel the shades of error's night,
And lead us, Lord, to thee.

No. 145.—C. M.

TEMPTATION.

1 THE cross of Jesus purifies,
From self and sin sets free;
His cross doth make us truly wise,
And brings humility.

2 Reproaches, persecution, shame—
These must the christian bear;
But when sustain'd for Jesu's name,
How light the burdens are!

3 Must we endure some earthly loss,
Some keen distresses prove?
If these are part of Jesu's cross,
We 'll bear them all in love.

4 Must sharp temptations too beset,
And inward conflicts seize?
The faithful soul will not forget,
That these shall end in ease.

5 When evil 's dead, our spirits rest,
Comfort and peace are giv'n;
In Jesu's love supremely blest,
We taste the joys of heav'n.

No. 146.—S. M.

1 I SEE a host of foes
Around me daily stand,
And all my holy way oppose
To Canaan's happy land.

2 But shall I yield to fear?
Is all my courage gone?
Is not my kind Protector near,
To lead me safely on?

3 My God makes known his aid,
In ev'ry new distress;
I 'll urge my way, nor be afraid,
He will be nigh to bless.

4 No more I 'll dare to stray
From his protecting hand;
But trust in him, and keep my way,
Till brought to Zion's land.

No. 147.—C. M.

1 FULL forty years was Israel led
Thro' deserts waste and wide;
They hunger'd oft for daily bread,
Their souls were deeply tried.

2 So we our wilderness must go,
Our forty years sustain;
Pass thro' the dreary paths of wo,
And walk the thorny plain.

3 What doth this lonely desert mean?
These forty years imply?
Temptations, sorrows, trials keen,
And desolation nigh.

4 Conflicts internal, sharp, severe,
And hell against us join'd;
No rays of heav'nly light appear,
To raise the sinking mind.

5 The hungry soul can find no bread,
His thirst no spring supplies;
But ev'ry step he seems to tread,
His sorrows swell and rise.

6 Now, tempted soul, look up on high:
Trust in thy gracious God;
Tho' dark thy state, thou shalt not die,
For Jesus guides the rod.

No. 148.—ALL 7s.

1 JESU, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the angry billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on thee is laid,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Lord, art all I want,
More than all in thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cancel all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

No. 149.—C. M.

1 NOW God reveals his glorious name,
And brings his truth to light;
And love divine, with ardent flame,
Dispels the shades of night.

2 With balmy wing sweet peace descends,
And dwells with man again;
Now sacred truth her path attends,
And love and goodness reign.

3 My soul, pursue the path of peace,
Religion's joys attend;
For these for ever will increase,
They never, never end.

4 These only can the bliss bestow;
Immortal souls should prove;
From one bless'd source all pleasures flow,
That blessed source is LOVE.

5 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.

No. 150.—C. M.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heav'n, O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heav'nly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray,
From happiness and thee.

No. 151.—L. M.

1 AWAKE, my soul, lift up thine eyes,
See how thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a num'rous host;
Awake my soul, or thou art lost!

2 See how rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
See pleasures silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led!

3 I tread upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset me round;
O let me then guard ev'ry part;
But most, the traitor in my heart!

4 O teach thy servant how to wield,
Blest Saviour, thy immortal shield;
Put on thy armour from above,
Of heav'nly truth and heav'nly love.

5 The terror and the charm repel,
The smiles of earth, the frowns of hell:
The tempter once thou didst subdue;
O make me more than conqu'ror too!

No. 152.—L. M.

RESIGNATION.

1 I WOULD resolve with all my heart,
With all my pow'rs to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

2 O be his service all my joy!
Around let my example shine;
Till others love the bless'd employ,
And join in labours so divine.

3 Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

4 O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wander from thy sacred ways!
Great God, accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

No. 153.—C. M.

1 LIFE has a soft and silver thread,
Nor is it drawn too long;
Yet, when my vaster hopes persuade,
I 'm willing to be gone.

2 Fast as you please roll down the hill,
And haste away my years;
Or I can wait my Father's will,
And dwell beneath the spheres.

3 Rise glorious every future sun,
Gild all my following days;
But make the last dear moment known,
By well distinguish'd rays.

No. 154.—C. M.

1 O HAPPY man, thy Maker's care,
With ev'ry mercy blest!
Peace, solid peace, thy portion here,
Hereafter endless rest!

2 Assur'd of Jesu's pow'rful love,
Composure all thy soul,
Thy heart, affections, mind above,
How sweet thy minutes roll.

3 No storms or tempests rage within,
The fire of hell subdu'd;
Conquer'd by truth thy ev'ry sin,
And all the man renew'd.

4 Look up, beloved soul, and see
What nameless glories rise,
The vast reward prepar'd for thee,
In yonder peaceful skies!

No. 155.—C. M.

HEAVEN.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

No. 156.—L. M.

1 PILGRIMS to Zion's city bound,
Now passing thro' the desert ground,
Urge on with joy your rugged way,
And press to everlasting day.

2 See yonder holy kingdom rise,
The golden portals meet your eyes:
Angels look down, and bid you come
To your delightful, peaceful home.

3 No longer wrapp'd in ten-fold night
The heav'nly state, those worlds of light,
Its glories now are brought to view,
Beyond what all our fathers knew.

4 Now ev'ry humble mind may rise
With growing ardour to the skies;
The happy land with transport view,
And know its boundless glories too.

No. 157.—C. M.

1 ABOVE these narrow scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Thro' all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
Jesus our Lord for ever reigns,
And blessings crown his sway.

3 No stormy cloud those regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
And sin, that source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

4 O may this heav'nly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love;
May lively faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry wish above.

No. 158.—P. M.

1 ON wings of faith, ye christian souls, arise,
Behold your place prepar'd in yonder skies;
No toil, no grief, nor sad afflicting pain,
In that blest world can e'er admission gain;
For there the Lord of life, all bright and glorious,
O'er sin and death for ever reigns victorious.

2 Before the throne a crystal river glides,
Immortal green adorns its cheerful sides:
Hard by, the tree of life majestic bears
Its monthly fruits, and healing verdure wears.
Lo! there the Lamb is seen, on Zion's mountains,
His countless flock to feed near living fountains.

3 No scorching sun his needless beams displays,
No sickly moon emits her feeble rays:
The Man Divine celestial glory sheds,
Jehovah-Jesus blissful radiance spreads:
'Tis He, whose face dispels all care and sadness,
And fills both heav'n and earth with joy and gladness.

No. 159.—C. M.

1 HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our heart and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?

2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.

4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

5 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then shall, on Faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring,
Immortal in the skies.

No. 160.—L. M.

1 AS when the weary traveller gains
The height of some o'erlooking hill,
His heart revives if 'cross the plains
He views his home, though distant still.

2 While he surveys the much-lov'd spot,
He slights the space that lies between;
His past fatigues are now forgot,
Because his journey's end is seen.

3 Thus when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

4 The thought of home his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for troubles past,
Nor any future trial fears,
Assur'd he 'll safe arrive at last.

5 'Tis there, he says, I am to dwell,
With Jesus in the realms of day;
Then I shall bid my cares farewell,
And he shall wipe my tears away.

6 Jesus, on thee our hope depends,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assur'd that heav'n will make amends
For all our toil while on the road.

No. 161.—S. M.

1 FAR from these scenes of night,
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!

3 There sickness never comes;
There grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.

4 No strife, nor envy there
The sons of peace molest;
But harmony and love sincere
Fill ev'ry happy breast.

5 No cloud those regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

6 There 's no alternate night,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory, from th' eternal throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

7 Oh! may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love;
May lively faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above!

No. 162.—C. M.

BAPTISM.

1 JESUS, our God, we come to thee,
And bring our infant race;
In thy own kingdom may they be,
O give them there a place.

2 What thou appointest we obey,
As guided by thy Word,
And at thy feet our children lay;
Receive and own them, Lord.

3 When on this earth, thy blessed arms
Embrac'd the infant race;
Thou bless'd their souls, and didst from harms
Preserve them by thy grace.

4 Our offspring, now baptiz'd, are giv'n
To thee our God and Lord:
O lead them in the way to heav'n,
And teach them by thy Word.

5 In thy new church may they abide,
In truth and goodness rise;
Be thou alone their God and guide,
Till rais'd to better skies.

No. 163.—L. M.

1 JESUS, this infant now we bring
To thee our only Lord and King;
In thy new church enrol *his* name,
And humbly thy protection claim.

2 As years advance, may *he* improve
In wisdom, knowledge, truth and love;
Thy laws and doctrines joyful own,
And worship thee as God alone.

3 O guide *him* thro' the paths of youth,
And purify *him* by thy truth:
That, wash'd from evil, *he* may prove
A heav'nly form of truth and love.

4 Baptize *him*, Lord, with love divine,
His heart and life be ever thine;
That so at length this child may stand
A spotless angel in thy hand.

No. 164.—S. M.

1 THY servant, Lord, receive,
Into thy heav'nly fold;
May *he* thy sacred truth believe,
Thy glory now behold.

2 Within thy church below
Our *brother* we admit:
Cheerful may *he* to Zion go,
And in thy kingdom sit.

3 Be all *his* will refin'd,
His understanding light;
Thy doctrines purify *his* mind,
And guide *his* footsteps right.

4 No more from goodness stray,
Nor leave the heav'nly road;
But ardent run the happy way,
Which leads to thy abode.

5 Baptiz'd by truth and love,
Obey *his* Lord's command;
Then at thy call ascend above,
And in thy kingdom stand.

No. 165.—8s & 7s.

1 HUMBLE souls who seek salvation
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood,
Hear the voice of Revelation,
Tread the path that Jesus trod.
Flee to him your only Saviour;
In his mighty name confide;
In the whole of your behaviour,
Own him as your sov'reign guide.

2 Hear the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice:
Jesus says, "Let each believer
"Be baptized in my name:"
He himself, in Jordan's river,
Sought the purifying stream.

No. 166.—L. M.

LORD's SUPPER.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the God of love,
Who rules o'er all in heav'n above;
His great and holy name adore,
In songs of joy for ever more.

2 He feeds us with the bread divine,
Gives us to drink the heav'nly wine;
And here we sweet conjunction prove
With thee, the Lord our God of love.

3 What entertainment can compare
With thy own feast, when thou art there,
In all thy love and wisdom, Lord,
As thou hast promis'd in thy Word?

4 Jesus distributes ev'ry good,
And fills our mouths with heav'nly food;
Our strength renew'd, with eagle's wing
We mount to heav'n, and praise our King.

No. 167.—S. M.

1 THIS is a feast of love,
A union with the Lord;
But none the sweet communion prove,
Save those that love the Word.

2 May ev'ry feast increase
The union of the heart!
And cordial harmony and peace
To ev'ry mind impart!

3 As one in heart and mind,
Joint heirs of joys above,
Be each to each as angels kind,
And walk in truth and love.

4 That we who eat the bread,
And drink the holy wine,
At last may live with Christ our head,
And all in glory join.

No. 168.—C. M.

1 ONCE more do we enjoy the sign,
That we are sons of God,
Partake the sacred bread and wine,
The holy flesh and blood.

2 Now seal'd again by Jesu's love,
We call the Lord our own;
With strength renew'd, mount up above,
And hasten to his throne.

3 O happy meeting, heav'nly feast,
Where God and sinners meet!
And we behold the honour'd guests,
That sit at Jesu's feet!

4 But O! the blest transporting thought!
Soon we shall rise above;
And to the heav'nly table brought,
There taste the feast of love!

5 With angels and blest spirits join,
In all that can be given,
Of goodness, truth, and love divine,
In that eternal heav'n!

No. 169.—L. M.

1 TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That name, in heav'n and earth ador'd,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs:
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

No. 170.—C. M.

1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill th' immortal mind.

3 Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With streams that never dry.

5 Rivers of love and mercy here
In a rich ocean join;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.

6 O Lord, the treasures of thy love
Are deep, unfathom'd mines;
Deep as our helpless mis'ries are,
And boundless as our sins.

7 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
We humbly seek that rich supply
That drives our wants away.

No. 171.—C. M.

HEAVENLY MARRIAGE.

1 COME, Faith Divine, thy pow'rs impart,
Call Wisdom from above:
Come, Charity, possess the heart,
And prompt to deeds of Love.

2 O God of Truth! the gift is thine:
Thy dictates we obey:
O God of Love! propitious shine;
Thy Love shall grace the day.

3 Now Love and Truth together meet
Thus Heav'nly Laws ordain,
And happy Union! Joy complete!
Shall bless the Church again.

No. 172.—C. M.

1 ALL ye who faithful servants are
Of our Almighty King,
Both high and low, and small and great,
His praise devoutly sing.

2 Let us rejoice and render thanks
To his most holy name;
Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come,
The marriage of the LAMB.

3 His bride herself has ready made,
How pure and white her dress!
This is the saint's integrity,
And spotless holiness.

4 How happy then is every one,
Who to the marriage feast,
And holy supper of the Lamb,
Is call'd a welcome guest!

No. 173.—L. M.

RESURRECTION AND ASCENSION.

1 HE rose, he rose, the mighty God!
His foes beneath his footstool trod:
Triumphant rose the Lord most high,
And angels shout him thro' the sky.

2 The everlasting doors unfold,
While angels sing to harps of gold;
Millions of voices join above,
To hail the God of pow'r and love.

3 The heav'ns with acclamations ring,
One general chorus hails the King;
Jesus, the King of glory, known
To all in heav'n as God alone.

4 Ye saints below, your voices raise,
Repeat his love in humbler lays;
Thro' earth let joyful accents roll,
And bear his name from pole to pole.

5 Jesus our God for us arose,
Redeem'd our souls, subdu'd our foes:
And soon our happy souls shall rise,
To sing his praise above the skies.

No. 174.—L. M.

1 ARISE, rejoice, ye favour'd race,
The day of pentecost is come!
Desire, receive descending grace,
The glory beaming from the Son.

2 Our Jesus, ris'n above the sky,
The promis'd blessing now doth give;
Behold it streaming from on high,
The spirit comes, that we may live.

3 The light-invested life doth shine,
The Son-embosom'd Father glows;
From Jesu's body, all divine,
The truth with love united flows.

4 To thee, O Lord, our souls aspire,
And long the blest descent to feel;
Enkindle each with living fire,
Our faith increase, our foreheads seal.

5 From thee our strength and wisdom come;
Our wills and thoughts now sweetly move,
To speak a new, another tongue,
The language breath'd from holy love.

No. 175.—L. M.

1 RISE, ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue,
Prepare a sweet angelic song;
The Lord, ascended now on high,
The spirit gives in rich supply.

2 See what the gracious God of heav'n
Hath now to his own Israel giv'n:
No heart can feel, no tongue express
The wonders of his love and grace.

3 The sun of heav'n illumes the soul;
Oceans of mercy sweetly roll;
The heav'nly streams of truth and love
Flow freely from the fount above.

4 O happy day! we live to see
How kind to man our God can be;
His greatest mercies stand confest,
And Zion is divinely blest.

5 Now shall the voice of joy arise,
And songs of gladness reach the skies;
The name of Jesus loud be sung,
From ev'ry heart, by ev'ry tongue.

6 O happy church, exalt the Lord,
In highest strains his love record;
Your sacrifice of praises bring,
And hail the glory of your King.

No. 176.—7s.

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day!
Sons of men and angels say!
Raise your joys and triumphs high!
Sing, ye heavens,—and earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er:
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of Hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death! is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save:
"Where 's thy victory, boasting grave?"

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted head:
Made like him, like him we rise,
Our's the cross, the grave, the skies.

6 What, though once we perish'd all,
Partners of our parent's fall;
Second life let us receive,
In our heav'nly Adam live.

7 Hail thou Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to thee by both be given!
Thee we greet, triumphant now,
Hail! the Resurrection—thou.

No. 177.—P. M.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls,
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays,
Bright seraphs hail in songs of praise.

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of Life,
In dark domains confin'd;
Th' angelic host around him bends,
And midst their shouts our GOD ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings;
While earth in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
"Worthy art thou, who once was slain,
"Thro' endless years to live and reign."

4 Gird on, great God, thy sword,
Ascend the conquering car,
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain the glorious war;
Victorious, thou thy foes shall tread,
And sin and hell in triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing the unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart:
Then dying souls for life shall sue,
Num'rous as drops of morning dew.

No. 178.—L. M.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way!"

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right,
Receive the King of glory in.

4 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
"Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates!
Ye everlasting doors give way!"

6 "Who is the King of glory, who?"
The Lord of boundless pow'r possest,
The king of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blest!

No. 179.—S. M.

THE WORLD.

1 WHEN I survey the world,
With all its beauteous frame;
Its great Creator I adore,
And celebrate his name.

2 The boundless whole displays
The wonders of the Lord;
All nature echoes with his praise,
And be his name ador'd.

3 The sun in ev'ry beam
Proclaims the God above;
Its ardent rays exhibit him,
Who rules the worlds in love.

4 The lofty stars by night,
The moon with paler glow,
In ev'ry twinkling ray of light,
Their Maker's honour show.

5 The universal whole
Proclaims Jehovah's praise
And O that ev'ry living soul
Would songs of honour raise!

6 The worlds were made in love,
By wisdom all divine;
And while in praise my tongue can move,
That praise, O Lord, be thine.

No. 180.—C. M.

1 HOW vain are all things here below!
How false and yet how fair!
Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light;
How oft we find some danger nigh,
When nature yields delight!

3 Our friends, with whom, in mutual love,
The path of life we 've trod,
May steal our hearts from things above,
And turn us back from God.

4 How oft has sad experience prov'd,
When goods of earth and sense
Have once our warm affections mov'd,
'Tis hard to call them thence!

5 Henceforth thy Word, O Lord, shall be
My soul's eternal food;
'Twill raise, and draw my heart to thee
Above created good.

No. 181.—C. M.

1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time;
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flow'r and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
  Like shadows o'er the plain;
They rage and strive, desire and love,
  But all their noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
  Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs, they know not who,
  And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then
  From creatures, earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
  And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
  My fond desires recall;
Give my mortal interest up,
  And make my God my all.

No. 182.—C. M.

CREATION.

1 O HOW shall we adore that name,
  Who rais'd us from the earth;
Who form'd to life our wond'rous frame,
  And gave all nature birth!

2 Where'er we turn our wond'ring eyes,
  His power and skill we see;
Wonders on wonders grandly rise,
  And speak the Deity.

3 Tho' universal nature stands
  In all its pomp array'd,
(The work of his Almighty hands,
  'Tis but his footstool made.

4 Could we the works of light survey,
The heav'nly spheres behold;
The realms of everlasting day,
Where stand the thrones of gold:

5 O what a scene would fill the mind,
If view'd the boundless whole;
The vast, the grand assemblage join'd,
Would overwhelm the soul.

6 Yet soon we shall our thoughts expand,
From earth to spirit rise;
In those blest worlds of glory stand,
And view those brighter skies.

7 Till then let all our pow'rs be rais'd
The Maker to adore;
And when to higher kingdoms rais'd,
We 'll love and praise him more.

No. 183.—L. M.

1 YE sons of men, in sacred lays,
Attempt your great Creator's praise:
But who an equal song can frame,
When angels know not half his name?

2 To him all nature owes its birth:
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth;
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And measur'd out the azure sky.

3 In ev'ry work and way divine,
Omnipotence and wisdom shine;
And goodness fixes still the end,
To which they all unvarying tend.

4 Rais'd on Devotion's lofty wing,
May we his high perfection sing;
And while his praise employs our tongues,
Let list'ning worlds repeat our songs.

No. 184.—P. M.

1 BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heav'n and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.

2 Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair!
Your Maker's wond'rous pow'r proclaim,
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

3 Ye angels catch the thrilling sound!
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

4 Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as gray evening gilds the plain,
Thou, moon, protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

5 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode:
Ye clouds proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd yon worlds from night:
"Ye shades dispel!"—th' Eternal said:
At once the involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light.

6 Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains;
United praise bestow:
Ye dragons sound his awful name
To heav'n aloud; and roar acclaim,
Ye swelling deeps below.

7 Let ev'ry element rejoice;
Ye thunders burst with awful voice
To HIM who bids you roll:
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

8 To HIM, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own;
Tell, when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

9 Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects flutt'ring on the gale,
In mutual concourse rise;
Crop the gay rose's vermil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

10 Wake all ye mountain tribes, and sing;
Ye plumy warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To HIM who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

11 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound
The general burst of joy.

12 Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne:
Ye princes, rulers, all adore;
Praise HIM, ye kings, who makes your pow'r,
An image of his own.

13 Ye fair, by nature form'd to move,
O praise th' eternal SOURCE OF LOVE,
With youth's enliv'ning fire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his bless'd name—then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.

No. 185.—L. M.

NEW YEAR.

1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
Whose kind compassion still we prove,
Our praise accept, and bless us here,
Now brought to this—another year.

2 We sing thy goodness all divine,
Whose radiant beams around us shine:
'Tis thro' thy goodness we appear,
Spar'd to behold—another year.

3 Our souls, our all, we here resign;
Make us, and keep us, ever thine;
And grant, that in thy love and fear
We may begin—another year.

4 Be this our sweet experience still,
To know and do thy holy will;
Then shall our souls, with joy sincere,
Bless thee for this—another year.

5 Still, Lord, thro' life thy love display,
And then in death's approaching day
We 'll joyful part with all that 's here,
Nor wish on earth—another year.

No. 186.—L. M.

1 GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand,
Our op'ning years thy mercy show,
Thy mercy crowns them as they flow.

2 In ev'ry place, thro' ev'ry hour,
Still we are guarded by thy pow'r;
By thy incessant bounty fed,
By thy unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
To thee commit in humble pray'r,
And banish ev'ry anxious care.

4 In scenes exalted, or deprest,
Be thou our joy, our hope, our rest:
Unchang'd thro' all our changing days,
Thy love may we with fervour praise.

No. 187.—L. M.

1 ETERNAL source of ev'ry joy!
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, Sov'reign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness, when to veil the skies.

3 The flow'ry spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coast redundant stores;
And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

No. 188.—L. M.

DEATH.

1 SEE slow and solemn move along
The weeping kindred, gazing throng;
A friend is dead, belov'd and dear,
And nature drops the tender tear.

2 But say, ye kindred, tell us why
Ye heave that melancholy sigh?
He is not dead, but lives above,
In worlds of light and endless love.

3 *He* only leaves *his* flesh and blood,
His soul is gone to dwell with God;
With him to be for ever blest,
With life eternal, endless rest.

4 Say not *he* 's dead, *he* lives indeed;
Throw off the sable mourning weed;
Let ev'ry pensive tear be dry,
And sing your friend to worlds on high.

No. 189.—C. M.

1 A FRIEND and *sister*, lo, is dead!
The cold and lifeless clay
Must make in dust its silent bed,
And there it shall decay.

2 But is *she* dead?—Ah, no! *she* lives!
Her nobler spirit flies
To worlds of bliss, where Jesus gives
The life that never dies.

3 Methinks I see *her* joyful stand
Before the God of love:
He smiles—*she* enters Zion's land,
And shares the joys above.

4 Then let us dry our mournful tears,
To grief no more give place;
In heav'n our *sister* now appears,
To sing *her* Saviour's praise.

5 Ere long, releas'd, our souls shall go,
Where pleasures never cease,
To join the friend we lov'd below,
In everlasting peace.

6 Farewell, dear friend, from earth farewell!
We soon shall rise to thee;
And when we meet, no tongue can tell,
How great our joy shall be.

No. 190.—L. M.

1 BLEST is the man who dies in peace,
And gently yields his soul to rest;
Who gains from earth the kind release,
Leaning upon his Saviour's breast.

2 So fades a summer-cloud away;
So sinks the gale, when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around;
A calm, which nothing e'er destroys;
Nought can disturb that peace profound,
Which this unfetter'd soul enjoys.

4 Farewell! conflicting hopes and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

5 His duty done, as drops the clay,
The spirit gains its full release,
While guardian angels sweetly say,
"Blest is the man, who dies in peace."

No. 191.—L. M.

1 WHY should we start, and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are!
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 O, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste;
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

No. 192.—P. M.

1 VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!

Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper, angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away;"
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes—my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings, I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

No. 193.—S. M.

1 AH! see that lifeless clay,
'Tis dead, and lives no more;
But lo! the man has wing'd his way
To Zion's happy shore.

2 The flesh and blood are left,
The man is fled and gone;
And of his cumb'rous load bereft,
A brighter form puts on.

3 His body though he gives
To feed the crawling worm;
He now a nobler spirit lives,
In a substantial form.

4 There 's nothing lost by death,
Except the lump of clay;
Nor is the soul a puff of breath,
Like vapour blown away.

5 The spirit is the man,
Of ev'ry pow'r possess'd;
A living substance now he stands,
And is for ever bless'd.

6 Then let us all rejoice,
Our friend and brother lives;
With angels now he joins his voice,
And praise to Jesus gives.

No. 194.—L. M.

1 GOD of eternity! from thee
Did infant time his being draw;
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve, by thy unvaried law.

2 Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows;
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.

3 Thoughtless and vain, our mortal race
Along the mighty stream are borne
On to their everlasting home,—
That country whence there 's no return.

4 Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flatt'ring show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

5 Great source of wisdom! teach my heart
To know the price of ev'ry hour;
That time may bear me on to joys
Beyond its measure and its pow'r.

No. 195.—P. M.

1 WHEN life's tempestuous storms are o'er,
How calm he meets the friendly shore,
Who liv'd averse from sin!
Such peace on virtue's path attends,
That, where the sinner's pleasure ends,
The Christian's joys begin.

2 See smiling patience smooth his brow!
See bending angels downwards bow,
To lift his soul on high!
While, eager for the blest abode,
He joins with them to praise the God,
Who taught him how to die.

3 No sorrow drowns his lifted eyes;
No horror wrests the struggling sighs,
As from the sinner's breast:
His God, the God of peace and love,
Pours kindly solace from above,
And soothes his soul to rest.

4 O grant, my Saviour and my friend!
Such joys may gild my peaceful end,
So calm my evening close;
While, loos'd from ev'ry earthly tie,
With steady confidence I fly
To thee from whom I rose!

No. 196.—L. M.

SUPPLICATION.

1 COME, Saviour, Jesu, from above!
Assist me with thy heav'nly grace;
O cleanse my heart from earthly love,
And for thyself prepare a place.

2 Then let thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free!
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

3 While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.

4 That path with humble speed I 'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine;
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak
Of any other love but thine.

5 Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul:
Possess it thou, who hast the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole.

6 Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

No. 197.—L. M.

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross!
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 While in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
Nor aught of ill when thou art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
Jesus thy timely aid impart,
To raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untir'd, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill!

6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to the day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
And all be calm, and joy, and peace.

No. 198.—L. M.

1 JESUS, from whom all blessings flow,
Great builder of thy church below,
If now thy spirit moves my breast,
Hear and fulfil thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
And wait thy sanctifying word,
Who thee their only Saviour own,
Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express;
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses:
Thy pow'r unto salvation show,
And perfect holiness below.

4 In them let all mankind behold,
How Christians liv'd in days of old;
Mighty their envious foes to move,
A proverb of reproach—and love.

5 O, might my lot be cast with these,
The least of Jesu's witnesses!
O that my Lord would count me meet,
To wash his dear disciples feet!

6 This only thing do I require;
Thou know'st 'tis all my heart's desire,
Freely what I receive to give,
The servant of thy church to live:

7 After my lovely Lord to go,
And wait upon thy saints below,
Enjoy the grace to angels giv'n,
And serve the royal heirs of heav'n.

No. 199.—L. M.

1 JESUS, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with milder majesty,
I see thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to thee.

2 Wrathful, impure, and proud I am,
Nor constancy, nor strength I have:
But thou, O Lord, art still the same,
And hast not lost thy power to save.

3 Save me from pride, the plague expel;
Jesu, thine humble self impart,
O let thy mind within me dwell;
O give me lowliness of heart.

4 Enter thyself, and cast out sin;
Thy spotless purity bestow;
Touch me, and make the leper clean;
Wash me, and I am white as snow.

5 Fury is not in thee, my God,
O why should it be found in thine!
Sprinkle me, Saviour, with thy blood,
And all thy gentleness is mine.

6 Pour but thy blood upon the flame,
Meek, and dispassionate, and mild,
The leopard sinks into a lamb,
And I become a little child.

No. 200.—C. M.

1 HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our heart and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies?

2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

3 Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.

4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes!
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim!
With one reviving touch of thine
Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring,
Immortal in the skies.

No. 201.—C. M.

1 MY God, the visits of thy face
Afford superior joy,
To all the flatt'ring world can give,
Or mortal hopes employ.

2 But clouds and darkness intervene,
My brightest joys decline,
And earth's gay trifles oft ensnare
This wand'ring heart of mine.

3 Lord, guide this wand'ring heart to thee;
Unsatisfy'd I stray;
Break through the shades of sense and sin,
With thy enliv'ning ray.

4 O let thy beams resplendent shine
And every cloud remove;
Transform my powers, and fit my soul
For happier scenes above.

No. 202.—C. M.

1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

2 Send thy good Spirit, Lord, to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slide;
O bring me back to virtue's way,
And be thy truth my guide!

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

No. 203.—C. M.

1 THY mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How great thy works appear!
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

2 My flesh, by thy creating hands,
Is form'd with care and skill:
O make me learn thy just commands,
That I may them fulfil!

3 Since I 'm a stranger here below,
Be thou my constant guide;
Direct the way my feet shall go,
Nor let me turn aside.

4 If thou to me thy statutes show,
And heav'nly truth impart;
Thy work for ever I 'll pursue,
Thy law shall rule my heart.

5 From those vain objects turn my sight,
Which this false world displays;
But give me heav'nly pow'r and light;
To tread thy righteous ways.

No. 204.—C. M.

1 WHEN fainting in the sultry waste,
And parch'd with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool refreshing stream;

2 Should, sudden to his hopeless eye,
A crystal spring appear,
How would th' enliv'ning sweet supply
His drooping spirit cheer!

3 So longs the weary fainting mind,
Oppress'd with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heav'nly comfort flows.

4 Thus sweet the consolations are
The promises impart;
Here flowing streams of life appear,
To ease the panting heart.

5 O when I thirst for thee, my God,
With ardent, strong desire,
And still, through all this desert road,
To taste thy grace, aspire;

6 Then, let my pray'r to thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice!
My plaintive voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full supplies.

No. 205.—C. M.

1 AUTHOR of good! we rest on thee:
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.

2 Oh! let thy pow'r within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide!
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear all fears beside.

3 And since, by passion's force subdu'd,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill:

4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply:
The good, unask'd, let mercy grant,
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

No. 206.—C. M.

1 O GOD of Jacob, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who, through his weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led!

2 To thee our humble vows we raise,
To thee address our pray'r;
And in thy kind and faithful breast
Deposit all our care.

3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 O! spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease;
And at our father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 To thee, as to our cov'nant-God,
We 'll our whole selves resign;
And thankful own, that all we are,
And all we have, is thine.

No. 207.—C. M.

1 JESUS, great Shepherd of the sheep,
To thee for help we fly:
Thy little flock in safety keep,
For O the wolf is nigh!

2 He comes of hellish malice full,
To scatter, tear, and slay;
He seizes ev'ry straggling soul,
As his own lawful prey.

3 Us into thy protection take,
And gather with thine arm;
Unless the fold we first forsake,
The wolf can never harm.

4 We laugh to scorn his cruel pow'r,
While by our shepherd's side,
The sheep he never can devour,
Unless he first divide.

5 O do not suffer him to part
The souls that here agree!
But make us of one mind and heart,
And keep us one in thee!

No. 208.—C. M.

1 GREAT God! thy peerless excellence
Let all created nature own:
Deep on our minds impress the sense
Of glories which are thine alone.

2 Let these our admiration raise,
And fill us with religious awe;
Tune all our hearts and tongues to praise,
And bend us to thy holy law.

3 Pure may we be, averse to sin,
Just, holy, merciful, and true;
And let thine image, form'd within,
Shine out in all we speak and do.

No. 209.—S. M.

1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye;
But Christian truths the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

2 A meek, inquiring mind,
Lord, help us to maintain;
That growing knowledge we may find,
And growing virtue gain.

3 With understanding bless'd,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

4 Lord, give the light we need;
With soundest knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

5 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

No. 210.—C. M.

1 MY God, my portion and my love!
My everlasting all!
I 've none but thee in heav'n above,
Or on this earthly ball.

2 In vain the bright meridian sun
Scatters his feeble light:
Thy brighter beams create my noon;
If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

3 And while upon my restless bed,
Amongst the shades I roll;
If God his light around me shed,
'Tis morning with my soul.

4 To thee I owe my wealth and friends,
And health, and safe abode,
Thanks to thy name for meaner things;
But they are not my God.

5 If I possess'd the spacious earth,
And call'd the stars my own,
Without thy mercy and thy love,
I were a wretch undone.

6 Let others stretch their arms like seas,
And grasp in all the shore:
Grant me to see thy blissful face,
And I desire no more!

No. 211.—C. M.

1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous godly fear,
A dread and hatred of all sin,
A pain to feel it near.

2 That I from thee no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve:
The filial awe, the loving heart,
The tender conscience give;

3 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God! my conscience make;
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

5 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me mourn, and weep, and pray,
For having griev'd thy love!

6 O! may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul;
That I may find that grace again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

No. 212.—L. M.

1 GREAT God! whose all-pervading eye
Sees ev'ry passion of my soul!
When sunk too low, or rais'd too high,
Teach me those passions to control.

2 Temper the fervours of my frame;
Be charity their constant spring;
And O! let no unhallow'd flame
Pollute the offerings I bring.

3 Let peace with piety unite,
To mend the bias of my will;
While hope and heav'n-eyed faith excite,
And wisdom regulates my zeal:

4 That wisdom, which to meekness turns;
Wisdom descending from above;
And let my zeal, whene'er it burns,
Be kindled by the fire of love.

No. 213.—L. M.

1 SUPREME and universal light!
Fountain of reason! Judge of right!
Without whose kind, directing ray,
In everlasting night we stray.

2 Assist us, Lord, to act, to be,
What all thy sacred laws decree;
Worthy that intellectual flame,
Which from thy breathing spirit came.

3 No slaves to profit, shame, or fear,
O may our stedfast bosoms bear
The stamp of heav'n, an honest heart,
Above the mean disguise of art!

4 May our expanded souls disclaim
The narrow view, the selfish aim;
But with a Christian zeal embrace
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

5 O Father! grace and virtue grant:
No more we wish, no more we want.
To know, to serve thee, and to love,
Is peace below, is bliss above.

No. 214.—P. M.

GLORIFICATION.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
'It is finish'd!'
Hear the dying Saviour cry!

2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heav'nly blessings without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finish'd!—
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd all the types and shadows,
Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd all that God has promis'd;
Death and hell no more shall awe.
It is finish'd!—
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Happy souls, approach the table,
Taste the soul-reviving food;
Nothing half so sweet and pleasant
As the Saviour's flesh and blood.
It is finish'd!—
Christ has borne the heavy load.

5 Tune your harps anew ye Seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name.
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

No. 215.—S. M.

CHARITY.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love.
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear:
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way:
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

No. 216.—S. M.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let envy, child of Hell!
Be banish'd far away:
Those should in strictest friendship dwell
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

No. 217—L. M.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

2 Were I inspir'd to preach, and tell
All that is done in heav'n and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the hungry, clothe the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

4 If love to God, and love to man
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

No. 218.—L. M.

1 THUS saith the first, the great command,
"Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
To love thy Maker and thy God,
With sacred fervours and delights.

2 Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,
Share thine affections and esteem;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him."

3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
This did the prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law 's fulfilled by love.

4 But oh, how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

No. 219.—L. M.

1 HOW blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds!
How swift the heav'nly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What watchful love, what holy fear!
How doth the gen'rous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin.

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and mortal wo;
Their ardent pray'rs together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 Together both they seek the place,
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There 's none but kindred souls can tell.

5 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
'Midst nature's drooping, sick'ning fire:
Soon shall they meet in realms above,
A heav'n of joy, because of love.

No. 220.—S. M.

1 LO, what a pleasing sight
Are brethren that agree!
How blest are all, whose hearts unite
In bonds of piety!

2 From those celestial springs,
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honours can bestow.

3 All in their stations move,
And each performs his part,
In all the cares of life and love,
With sympathizing heart.

4 Form'd for the purest joys,
By one desire possest,
One aim the zeal of all employs,
To make each other blest.

5 No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet;
While praise devout, and mingled pray'rs
Make their communion sweet.

6 'Tis the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above;
Where joy like morning-dew distils,
And all the air is love.

No. 221.—C. M.

1 THERE is a gem more pearly bright,
More dear to Mercy's eye,
Than love's sweet star, whose mellow light,
First cheers the ev'ning sky;
A liquid pearl, that glitters where
No sorrows now intrude,
A richer gem than monarchs wear,
The tear of gratitude.

2 But ne'er shall narrow love of self
Invite this tribute forth,
Nor can the sordid slave of pelf
Appreciate its worth;
But ye, who sooth the widow's wo,
And give the orphan food,
For you this liquid pearl shall flow,
The tear of gratitude.

3 Ye who but slake an infant's thirst,
In heav'nly Mercy's name,
Or proffer Penury a crust,
The sweet reward may claim;
Then while you rove life's sunny banks,
With sweetest flow'rets strew'd,
Still may you claim the *widow's* thanks,
The *orphan's* gratitude.

No. 222.—L. M.

1 O LORD! my Saviour and my King!
Of all I have or hope the spring!
Send down thy spirit from above
And warm my heart with holy love.

2 May I from every act abstain
That gives another grief or pain;
Still may I feel my heart inclin'd
To be the friend of all mankind.

3 Yea, though my neighbour's hate I prove,
Still let me vanquish hate with love,
Slow to resent though he would grieve;
But always ready to forgive.

4 Let *love* through all my conduct shine
An image fair, though faint, of thine;
Let me thy humble follower prove,
Almighty Saviour! God of love!

No. 223.—C. M.

PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.

1 JESUS, I love thy sacred name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust!
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care!

5 I 'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath;
Then speechless, clasp thee in mine arms;
The antidote of death.

No. 224.—L. M.

1 SALVATION doth to God belong;
His pow'r and grace shall be our song:
From him alone all mercies flow;
His arm alone subdues the foe!

2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's pray'r;
And though deliv'rance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.

3 O may thy goodness lead our land,
Still sav'd by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our King;

4 Till ev'ry public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise;
And ev'ry peaceful private home
To thee a temple shall become.

5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

No. 225.—7s.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let our tongues thy praise employ;

2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use:

3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse:

4 All that Spring with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land:
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

5 These to thee, my God we owe;
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these, my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

7 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

8 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain:
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy:

9 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

No. 226.—L. M.

1 MY God, since thou hast rais'd me up,
Thee I 'll extol with thankful voice:
Restor'd by thine Almighty pow'r,
With fear before thee I 'll rejoice.

2 With troubles worn, with pain oppress'd,
To thee I cried, and thou didst save;
Thou didst support my sinking hopes,
My life didst rescue from the grave.

3 Wherefore, ye saints! rejoice with me,
With me sing praises to the Lord;
Call all his goodness to your mind,
And all his faithfulness record.

4 His anger is but short; his love,
Which is our life, hath certain stay:
Grief may continue for a night,
But joy returns with rising day!

5 Then what I vow'd in my distress,
In happier hours I now will give,
And strive, that in my grateful verse
His praises may for ever live.

No. 227.—P. M.

1 LORD of life, all praise excelling,
Thou, in glory unconfin'd,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
With the poor of humble mind.

2 As thy love, through all creation,
Beams like thy diffusive light;
So the scorn'd and humble station
Shrinks not in thine equal sight.

3 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue;
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung:

4 "When thine harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
To the poor belongs the treasure,
Of the scatter'd ears behind."

CHORUS.
"These thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless."

5 When thine olives still increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er the plain;
Grateful thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the boughs again."
CHORUS. "These, &c."

6 "When thy favour'd vintage flowing,
Gladdens the autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean."
CHORUS. "These, &c.

7 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree;
Mercy, ev'ry sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.

8 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care;
Screen'd by thee in ev'ry danger,
Heard by thee in ev'ry pray'r.

Hallelujah. Amen.

No. 228.—L. M.

1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.

2 The great Jehovah be ador'd,
Th' eternal, all-sufficient Lord;
Be through the world, most high confess'd,
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.

3 Through ev'ry age, his gracious ear
Is open to his servant's pray'r;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That he hath sought his God in vain.

4 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes;
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

No. 229.—P. M.

1 GLORY to God on high!
Let earth and skies reply,
Praise ye his name;
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb.

2 Jesus, our Lord and God,
Bore sin's tremendous load,
Praise ye his name:
Tell what his arm hath done,
What spoils from death he won;
Sing his great name alone;
Worthy the Lamb.

3 Join, all ye ransom'd race,
Our holy Lord to bless;
Praise ye his name:
In him we will rejoice,
And make a joyful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb.

4 What tho' we change our place,
Yet we shall never cease
Praising his name;
To him our songs we bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb.

No. 230.—P. M.

1 LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing a lofty psalm of praise,
And bless the great Jehovah's name;
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations show,
And all his works of grace proclaim.

2 He fram'd the globe, he spread the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high;
He reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light,
His glories, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

3 Let heav'n be glad, let earth rejoice,
Let ocean lift its roaring voice,
Proclaiming loud, "Jehovah reigns!"

For joy let fertile vallies sing,
And tuneful groves their tribute bring
To him whose power the world sustains.

4 Come, the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall own his sov'reign pow'r,
And barb'rous nations fear his name;
Then shall the universe confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

No. 231.—C. M.

1 O GOD, my grateful soul aspires
To magnify thy name!
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Awake, my heart, and thou, my voice,
Thy willing tribute pay;
And let a hymn of sacred joy
Salute the op'ning day.

3 To all the list'ning world around
Thy goodness I will sing;
Whilst ev'ry grateful tongue shall join
To praise th' eternal King:

4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heav'n transcends;
And far beyond the spreading earth
Thy faithfulness extends.

5 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the starry frame;
And let the world with one consent
Confess thy glorious name.

No. 232.—C. M.

1 THOU Lord, in heav'n hast plac'd thy throne,
Thy kingdom wide extends;
Thy vast dominion shall be known
To earth's remotest ends.

2 Ye angels, who excel in might,
And wait to do his will,
Bless him, whose work is your delight,
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Ye seraphs, who with joy obey
The orders of your King,
Attend his churches when they pray,
And join the praise they sing.

4 Whilst all his works his praise proclaim,
O let my heart and tongue
Join with the universal frame,
In this eternal song!

No. 233.—L. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Lord, to thee we raise
A sacred song of humble praise;
Thy captive Judah thou wilt free,
And give thine Israel liberty.

2 'Tis done, our sov'reign Lord and King
Doth health to wounded Israel bring;
Disorders of the soul are heal'd,
And peace and truth again reveal'd.

3 The nations all around shall hear,
And Israel's great Redeemer fear;
Jerusalem divinely prove
Jehovah boundless truth and love.

4 Now shall the voice of joy arise,
And songs of gladness reach the skies;
The name of Jesus loud be sung,
From ev'ry heart, by ev'ry tongue.

5 O happy church, exalt the Lord,
In highest strains his love record;
Your sacrifice of praises bring,
And hail the advent of your King.

No. 234.—S. M.

1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face,
On all thy church to shine.

2 That so thy gracious way
May thro' the world be known,
Whilst distant lands their homage pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let all the nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let the whole world, O Lord, combine,
To praise thy glorious name.

4 O let them shout and sing,
In humble pious mirth!
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

No. 235.—S. M.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing!
Jehovah is the Sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord.
We are his works and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God!

No. 236.—P. M.

1 A SONG of gratitude begin,
To praise the God who saves from sin;
Who marks the penitential tear
And deigns the contrite sigh to hear;
Who whispers hope, when we our sins deplore—
"Thy God condemns thee not—offend no more."

2 But ah! such love can ne'er be sung—
Such boundless grace!—by mortal tongue;
For e'en celestial minstrels deem
Their highest skill below the theme;
Yet mortals can, with gratitude, adore
The God who pardons all that sin no more.

3 Dear Lord! is this condition all?
To fight the foes that wrought our fall?
Thus arm'd with hope, I 'll quell a host,
Nor let so cheap a heav'n be lost;
O then repeat the sweet assurance o'er,
"Thy God will not condemn thee—sin no more."

No. 237.—L. M.

1 GREAT God! our joyful thanks to thee
Shall, like thy gifts, continual be:
In constant streams thy bounty flows,
Nor end nor interruption knows.

2 From thee our comforts all arise,
Our num'rous wants thy hand supplies;
Nor can we ever, Lord, be poor,
Who live on thy exhaustless store.

3 Deep, Lord, upon our thankful breast
Let all thy favours be imprest;
That we may never more forget
The whole or any single debt.

4 May we with grateful hearts each day
For all thy gifts our praises pay;
And still delighted may we be,
In all things to give thanks to thee.

No. 238.—C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Father! gracious Lord!
Kind guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant pray'r.

3 When reason with my stature grew,
How weak her brightest ray!
How little of my God I knew!
How apt from thee to stray!

4 Around my path what dangers rose!
What snares o'erspread my road!
No pow'r could guard me from my foes,
But my Preserver, God.

5 When life hung trembling on a breath,
'Twas thy unceasing love
That sav'd me from impending death,
And bade my fears remove.

6 Lord, though this mortal frame decays,
And earthly comfort flies;
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.

7 Then shall my joyful pow'rs unite
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

No. 239.—L. M.

1 TRIUMPHANT, Lord! thy goodness reigns
Thro' all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams redundant flow
Down to the abodes of men below.

2 Thro' nature's works thy glories shine;
The cares of Providence are thine;
And thou hast rais'd within our frame
A fairer temple to thy name.

3 O give to every human heart
To taste and feel, how good thou art;
With grateful love, and rev'rend fear,
To know how blest thy children are.

4 Let nature burst into a song:
Ye ecchoing hills the notes prolong!
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise!

5 Join, O my soul! the gen'ral song;
To thee its sweetest notes belong,
Blest above all by love divine,
To praise is eminently thine.

No. 240.—P. M.

1 THOU pow'r supreme, by whose command we live!
The grateful tribute of our praise receive:
To thy indulgence we our being owe,
And all the joys which from that being flow.

2 Thy skill our elemental clay refin'd,
And all its various parts in order join'd;
With perfect symmetry compos'd the whole,
And stamp'd thy sacred image on the soul:

3 A soul susceptible of endless joy,
Whose frame nor force, nor time, shall e'er destroy;
Which shall survive, though nature claim our breath,
And bid defiance to the darts of death.

4 How shall our hearts their grateful sense reveal,
When all the energy of words must fail?
O may its influence in our lives appear,
And every action prove our thanks sincere.

No. 241.—C. M.

1 ALMIGHTY Saviour! God of love!
My Saviour and my God!
I 'll sing the honours of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2 In ev'ry period of my life
Thy goodness doth appear:
Thy mercies gild the transient scene,
And crown each passing year.

3 In all these mercies may my soul
Thy love and wisdom see,
Nor let the gifts thy hand bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.

4 Through ev'ry changing state of life,
Each bright, each clouded scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.

5 Then may I close my eyes in death,
Free from all anxious fear:
For death itself is life, my God!
If thou art with me there.

No. 242.—C. M.

NATIVITY.

1 WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
Near Bethle'm's happy ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 The Heav'nly Babe you there shall find,
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace,
Good-will, henceforth, from heav'n to men
Begin, and never cease."

No. 243.—C. M.

1 COME, let us join the prophet's song,
For lo, our God appears,
The Saviour waited for so long,
To dry his children's tears.

2 This is the day the bard foresaw,
When joyful tongues should sing,
Behold the God we waited for,
Our Saviour and our King.

3 This is Jehovah, come to save
The race he loves so well,
The Saviour who subdu'd the grave,
And triumph'd over hell.

4 Then with united heart and voice,
Jehovah's love proclaim,
In his salvation loud rejoice,
For Jesus is his name.

No. 244.—L. M.

WORKS OF GOD IN NATURE.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all,
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;

6 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine;
"The Hand that made us is divine."

No. 245.—C. M.

1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

2 The dawn of each returning day,
Fresh beams of knowledge brings:
And from the dark returns of night,
Divine instruction springs.

3 Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd;
'Tis Nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display,
Whose bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.

5 From east to west, from west to east,
This restless course he goes;
And, through his progress, cheerful light,
And vital warmth bestows,

No. 246.—C. M.

1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise,
Nature, thro' all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in ev'ry star,
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 The lofty hill, the humble lawn,
With countless beauties shine,
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

5 Great nature's God! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage!
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page!

6 And while, in all thy wond'rous works,
Thy varied love we see;
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God, to thee!

No. 247.—C. M.

1 WE sing th' almighty pow'r of God,
Who bade the mountains rise,
Who spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 We sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 We sing the goodness of the Lord,
Who fills the earth with food;
Who form'd his creatures by a word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

4 Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er we turn our eyes;
Whether we view the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the skies!

5 There 's not a plant nor flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Creation, vast as it may be,
Is subject to thy will.
There 's not a place, where we can flee,
But God is with us still.

7 On him each moment we depend;
If he withdraw, we die.
Oh may we ne'er that God offend,
Who is for ever nigh!

No. 248.—L. M.

DIVINE POWER.

1 GOD of the seas! thine awful voice
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice;
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent in the sand.

2 The smallest fish that swims the seas
Sportful, to thee a tribute pays;
And largest monsters of the deep,
At thy command, or rage or sleep.

3 Thus, is thy glorious power ador'd
Among the wat'ry nations, Lord!
Yet men, who trace the dangerous waves
Forget the mighty God who saves!

No. 249.—C. M.

1 WHEN we are rais'd from deep distress,
Our God deserves our song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Command them fast again.

3 When he but speaks the healing word,
Then no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly as he commands.

4 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore,
And cast our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

5 To him I cry'd, "Thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy pow'r can rescue from the grave;
Thy pow'r is all my trust!"

6 He heard, and sav'd my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears:
Now to his praise I 'll spend my breath,
Through my remaining years.

No. 250.—L. M.

TRUST AND CONFIDENCE.

1 NOW may the God of grace and pow'r
Attend his people's humble cry;
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliv'rance from on high.

2 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up;
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts!

4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
And let our trust be firm and strong,
'Till thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our song.

No. 251.—L. M.

1 WHEN danger, wo, or death is nigh,
Past mercies teach me where to fly;
Thine arm, almighty God, can aid,
When sickness grieves and pains invade.

2 To all the various helps of art
Kindly thy healing pow'r impart;
Bethesda's bath refused to save,
Unless an angel bless'd the wave.

3 All med'cines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee:
And not a plant, which spreads the plains,
But teems with health when heav'n ordains.

4 Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,
At heav'n's command restor'd the blind;
And Jordan's waters hence were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.

5 But grant me nobler favours still,
Grant me to know and do thy will:
Purge my foul soul from ev'ry stain,
And save me from eternal pain.

6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue!
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in pray'r,
And pour the horrors of despair.

7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
My tortur'd breast, my streaming eyes;
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

8 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?
What venom gives such pain within?
Thou great Physician of the soul,
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.

9 O! if I trust thy sov'reign skill,
And bow submissive to thy will,
Sickness and death shall both agree
To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

No. 252.—L. M.

1 LORD in thy great, thy glorious name,
I place my hope, my only trust;
Save me from sorrow, guilt and shame,
Thou ever gracious, ever just.

2 Thou art my Rock, thy name alone
The fortress where my hopes retreat;
O make thy power and mercy known;
To safety guide my wand'ring feet!

3 To thy kind hand, all gracious Lord,
My soul I cheerfully resign;
My Saviour God, I trust thy word,
For truth, immortal truth, is thine.

4 Blest be the Lord, for ever blest,
Whose mercy bids my fear remove;
The sacred walls, which guard my rest,
Are his almighty pow'r and love.

5 Ye humble souls, who seek his face,
Let sacred courage fill your heart;
Hope in the Lord, and trust his grace
And he will heav'nly strength impart.

No. 253.—C. M.

1 LET faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude;
My Maker's will has placed me here,
A Maker wise and good.

2 He to my ev'ry trial knows
Its just restraints to give;
Attentive to behold my woes,
And faithful to relieve.

3 Then why thus heavy, O my soul?
Say, why distrustful still?
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill!

4 Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
Still in thy God confide;
Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
And curbs the rolling tide.

No. 254.—L. M.

1 MY God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
'Till the dark cloud be overblown.

2 Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

3 My heart is fix'd, my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

4 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

No. 255.—S. M.

1 TO God I lift my eyes,
My trust is in his name;
And they whose hope on him relies,
Shall never suffer shame.

2 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening's shade,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
And ask thy heavenly aid.

3 Thro' all the ways of God,
Both truth and mercy shine,
To those who with religious hearts
To his blest will incline.

4 He those in safety guides
Who his direction seek,
And in his sacred paths will lead
The humble and the meek.

No. 256.—C. M.

1 I 'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the honour of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God, I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I 've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

No. 257.—S. M.

1 MY soul with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks,
No angel's harp such music yields
As what my shepherd speaks.

2 "I know my sheep," he cries,
"My soul approves them well,
Vain is the treach'rous world's disguise,
And vain the rage of hell.

3 I freely feed them now,
With tokens of my love,
But richer pastures I prepare
And sweeter streams above."

4 Enough, my gracious Lord;
Let faith triumphant cry,
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die.

No. 258.—C. M.

1 FOR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield!
He sends his Spirit with his word,
To arm me for the field.

2 When all my foes their force unite,
He makes my soul his care;
Instructs me in the heav'nly fight,
And guards me thro' the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine,
My fainting hope shall raise,
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,
And his shall be the praise.

No. 259.—L. M.

1 TEACH me, O teach me, Lord! thy way;
That to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
My feet thy heav'nly paths may tread.

2 Inform'd by thee, with sacred awe
My heart shall meditate thy law;
And, with celestial wisdom fill'd,
To thee a pure obedience yield.

3 Give me to know thy will aright,
Thy will, my glory and delight;
That, rais'd above the world, my mind
In thee its highest good may find.

4 O turn from vanity mine eye:
To me thy quick'ning strength supply;
And with thy promis'd mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

No. 260.—C. M.

1 OH! how my fears the dangers move
That virtue's path inclose!
While I the wise pursuit approve
Alas! what toils oppose!

2 For see, ah see! while yet her ways
With doubtful step I tread,
The powers of darkness terrors raise
And snares delusive spread.

3 Oh! how shall I with heart prepar'd
Those terrors learn to meet?
How from the thousand snares, to guard,
And to restrain my feet?

4 But why art thou cast down, my soul?
Say, why distrustful still?
Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
O'er scenes of future ill.

5 Let faith suppress each rising fear,
Each anxious doubt exclude:
Thy Maker's will hath plac'd thee here,
Thy Maker, wise and good.

6 He to thy ev'ry trial knows
Its just restraints to give,
Attentive to behold thy woes,
And faithful to relieve.

No. 261.—C. M.

1 My soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Shall tell its joys abroad,
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by its God.

2 Thro' all the winding maze of life,
His hand hath been my guide;
And in that long experienc'd care
My heart shall still confide.

3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream:
That grace in Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.

No. 262.—L. M.

MORNING HYMN.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mispent time that 's past;
And live this day, as 'twere thy last:
T' improve thy talents take due care;
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience, as the noon-day, clear:
Think, how th' all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part:
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to thee, eternal King.

5 I wake, I wake, ye heav'nly choir!
May your devotion me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

6 May I like you in God delight;
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform like you my Maker's will:
O! may I never more do ill.

7 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when from this life I wake,
I may of endless life partake.

8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Dispel my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

9 Direct, controul, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

No. 263.—C. M.

1 LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I address my pray'r,
To thee direct mine eye.

2 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

4 O may thy spirit guide my feet,
In ways of truth and grace;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face!

5 The men who love and fear thy name,
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour, as a shield.

No. 264.—L. M.

EVENING HYMN.

1 GLORY to thee, my God! this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own Almighty wings.

2 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold eternal day.

3 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that may me more active make
To serve my God when I awake.

4 When restless in the night I lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply,
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

5 Let my blest guardians, whilst I sleep,
Their watchful stations near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

6 Lord! let my soul for ever share
The bliss of thy paternal care;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

7 Should death itself my sleep invade,
Why should I be of death afraid?
Protected by thy saving arm,
Tho' he may strike, he cannot harm.

8 For death is life, and labour, rest,
If with thy gracious presence blest;
Then welcome sleep, or death to me,
I 'm still secure, for still with thee.

No. 265.—L. M.

DIVINE INFLUENCE.

1 AS showers on meadows newly mown,
Our God shall send his spirit down;
Eternal source of grace divine,
What soul-refreshing drops are thine.

2 Lands, which beneath a burning sky
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share
And sudden life and verdure wear.

3 The dews and rains in all their store,
Wat'ring the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.

4 As in soft silence vernal showers
Descend and cheer the fainting flowers;
So in the secrecy of love,
Falls the blest influence from above.

5 That heav'nly influence let me find,
In holy silence of the mind;
Whilst ev'ry grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd
To me, but pour'd on all mankind;
Till all the wastes in verdure rise,
And a new Eden bless our eyes.

No. 266.—C. M.

1 THINE influence, Lord! is felt
Through nature's ample round;
In Heav'n, on earth, through air and skies,
Thine energy is found.

2 Blest Saviour! grant thine aid
To guide our doubtful way;
Thy truth shall scatter ev'ry cloud
And make a glorious day.

3 Supported by thy power,
We 'll do and bear thy will
Thine aid shall make each burden light,
And every murmur still.

No. 267.—C. M.

THE LORD's PRAYER.

1 FATHER of all! Eternal Mind!
Thou great and good alone!
Thy children, form'd and bless'd by thee,
Approach thy sacred throne.

2 Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung!
We join the solemn praise,
To thy great name with heart and tongue,
Our cheerful homage raise.

3 Thy righteous, mild, and equal reign,
Let ev'ry being own,
And in our minds, thy work divine,
Erect thy gracious throne.

4 As angels, round thy seat above,
Thy blest commands fulfil,
So may thy creatures here below
Perform thy heav'nly will.

5 On thee we day by day depend;
Our daily wants supply;
And feed with truth and virtue pure,
Our souls which never die.

6 Extend thy grace to ev'ry fault,
And let thy love forgive;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
Nor let resentment live.

7 Where tempting snares beset the way,
Permit us not to tread;
Avert the threat'ning evil near,
From our unguarded head.

8 Thy sacred name we thus adore,
And bow before thy throne;
For kingdom, pow'r and glory, Lord,
Belong to thee alone.

No. 268.—C. M.

DIVINE GOODNESS.

1 GREAT is the Lord! our souls adore,
We wonder while we praise;
Thy pow'r, what creature can explore,
Or equal honours raise!

2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
While suns shall set and rise;
And tune my everlasting song
In realms beyond the skies.

3 How large thy tender mercies are!
How wide thy grace extends!
On thy beneficence and care
The universe depends.

4 To thee, O Lord, for daily meat,
Thy creatures lift their eyes;
On thee, their common Father, wait,
From thee receive supplies.

5 Thy sov'reign bounty freely gives
From thine exhaustless store;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining pow'r.

6 Holy and just in all its ways,
Is Providence divine;
In all thy works immortal rays
Of pow'r and goodness shine.

No. 269.—L. M.

1 THY mercy, Lord, my only hope,
The highest orb of heav'n transcends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
Above the spreading skies extends.

2 Thy justice like the hills remains,
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is thy care.

3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust!

4 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast:
And drink, as from the fountain head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

5 Then let thy saints thy favour gain,
To upright hearts thy truth display;
With thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day.

No. 270.—C. M.

1 TO thee, my God, my days are known;
My soul enjoys the thought;
My actions all before thee lie,
Nor are my wants forgot.

2 Each secret wish devotion breathes,
Is vocal to thine ear;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eyes appear.

3 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercy shall approve;
And ev'ry pang of sympathy,
And ev'ry care of love.

4 Each golden hour of beaming light,
Is gilded by thy rays;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.

5 Full in thy view thro' life I pass,
And in thy view I die;
Lord! when all mortal bonds shall break,
May I still find thee nigh.

No. 271.—C. M.

1 THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And help our misery.

2 Thou waitest to be gracious still;
Thou dost with sinners bear;
That, sav'd, we may thy goodness feel,
And all thy grace declare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth, to me,
To ev'ry soul abound:
A vast unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

5 Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock, which cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

6 Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

No. 272.—L. M.

LOVE AND FEAR OF GOD.

1 HOW blest are they, O gracious Lord,
Who fear thy name and hear thy word!
With such thy dwelling is, on those,
Thy peace its joy divine bestows.

2 Thy wisdom guides, thy pow'r defends
Their life, till life its journey ends;
Death shall convey them to thy seat,
Where all thy saints in glory meet.

3 O that my soul with awful sense
Of thy transcendent excellence,
May close the day, the day begin,
Watchful against each darling sin!

4 Never, O never from my heart
May this great principle depart!
But act with unabating pow'r,
Within me, to my latest hour.

No. 273.—C. M.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast,
Love is the brightest of the train;
And strengthens all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet,
In sweet obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.

No. 274.—ALL 7s.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

1 RICH in mercy, Jesus reigns,
Heaven owns no other king;
Crown him, mortals, in your strains,
While his matchless grace you sing.
Angels wake their loftier lays,
Kindled from celestial fires;
Humbler spirits bid his praise
Sweetly flow from silver lyres.

2 Mortals! catch the pleasing strain,
Gratitude demands the song—
Jesus builds his Church again,
Where your *Babel* stood so long.
Truth divine her wall supports,
Love has pav'd her streets of gold;
Jasper towers, and crystal courts,
Gates of pearl, that never fold.

3 Pilgrims! enter, and rejoice—
Here your Saviour holds his throne;
'Tis the City of his choice,
'Tis the Church he calls his own.
Precious gems on every side,
Height'ning all her heav'nly charms—
'Tis the Lamb's celestial Bride,
Smiling in her Husband's arms.

No. 275.—C. M.

1 LO what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes;
The earth and seas are past away,
And the old rolling skies!

2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
"Of your descending King."

No. 276.—L. M.

THE GOSPEL JUBILEE.

1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round;
Let ev'ry soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet you fall,
Your gracious Lord forgives them all.

3 The rich inheritance of heav'n,
Your joy, your crown, are freely giv'n;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.

4 Her blest inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt but love immensely great,
Whose joy still rises with the debt.

5 O happy souls, who know the sound!
God's light shall all their steps surround,
And show that jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run.

No. 277.—L. M.

SELF EXAMINATION.

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst ten thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus degrade my heav'nly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense,
Thy sov'reign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heav'n, and there my God I find.

No. 278.—L. M.

1 THOU vain intruding world, depart!
No more allure or vex my heart;
Let ev'ry vanity be gone,
I would be peaceful and alone.

2 Here let me search my inmost mind,
And try its real state to find;
The secret springs of thought explore
And call my words and actions o'er.

3 Search, gracious God! my inmost heart,
And light, and hope, and joy impart;
From guilt and error set me free,
And guide me safe to heav'n and thee.

No. 279.—C. M.

TE DEUM.

1 O GOD, we praise thee, and confess,
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth ador'd.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud,
To thee the pow'rs on high
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
Continually do cry:

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heav'nly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory fill'd
Of thy majestic sway.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crown'd with light,
With all the martyrs noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

No. 280.—C. M.

DEVOTION.

1 WHILST thee I seek, protecting Pow'r,
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the pow'r of thought bestow'd,
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing 's to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

4 In ev'ry joy that crowns my days,
In ev'ry pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in pray'r.

5 When gladness wings my favour'd hour
Thy love my thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gath'ring storms shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear:
That heart will rest on thee!

No. 281.—C. M.

1 YE little flock whom Jesus feeds,
Dismiss your anxious cares;
Look to the shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.

2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defence:
'Midst sands and rocks your shepherd's voice
Calls streams and pastures thence.

3 Your Father doth a kingdom give,
And give it with delight;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.

4 For all we hope and now enjoy,
We bless a Saviour's name;
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
Which breaks this mortal frame.

No. 282.—C. M.

ZEAL.

1 ZEAL is the pure and heav'nly flame
The fire of love supplies;
Whilst that which often bears the name,
Is self, but in disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 While zeal for truth the Christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace;
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.

4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
Its end is satisfy'd,
If sinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor seeks it aught beside.

5 But self, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view;
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
"Come, see what I can do."

6 This idol self, O Lord, dethrone,
And from our hearts remove,
And let no zeal by us be shown
But that which springs from love.

No. 283.—L. M.

BEATITUDES.

1 BLESS'D are the humble souls, who see
Their ignorance and poverty:
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.

2 Bless'd are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
For them divine compassion flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Bless'd are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war:
God will secure their peaceful state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Bless'd are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness:
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.

5 Bless'd are the men, whose hearts still move
And melt with sympathy and love;
They shall themselves from God obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

6 Bless'd are the pure, whose earths are clean
From the defiling pow'r of sin:
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

7 Bless'd are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife:
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

8 Bless'd are the suff'rers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake:
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

No. 284.—L. M.

FAITH.

1 IN vain would boasting reason find
The path to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a doubtful road.

2 Jesus, thy words alone impart
Eternal life; on these I live;
Diviner comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the pow'rs of nature give.

3 Here let my constant feet abide;
Thou art the true, the living way:
Let thy good spirit be my guide
To the bright realms of endless day.

4 The various forms that men devise,
To shake my faith with treach'rous art,
I scorn, as vanity and lies,
And bind thy gospel to my heart.

No. 285.—P. M.

INCARNATION.

1 O FOR a Seraph's golden lyre,
With chords of light, and tones of fire,
To sing that wond'rous love
Which brought a Deity below,
To save an erring race from wo,
And give them joys above.

2 O may that love inspire my soul,
'Till such ecstatic numbers roll
As are by angels given;
To tell Redemption's wond'rous plan,
How Heaven descended down to man,
That man might rise to Heaven.

3 His creatures fell—no pitying eye,
No powerful arm to save, was nigh,
Or aid our feeble powers;
He saw—He came—He fought alone,
And conquer'd evils not his own,
That we might conquer ours.

4 Temptation's thorny path He trod,
In form, a man—in soul, a God,
And trod the path alone;
In vain the direst fiends assail'd,
His might arm of power prevail'd,
And hell was overthrown.

5 He pass'd the dismal vale of death—
The human form resign'd its breath,
And like a mortal died,

But death was crush'd beneath His feet,
He rose a God and man complete,
His human glorified.

6 Amazing Mercy!—love immense!
Surpassing every human sense,
Since time and sense began!
That man might shun the realms of pain,
And know and love his God again,
His God became a man!

No. 286.—C. M.

CONSECRATION.

1 ARISE, O King of Grace! arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Thy church awaits, with longing eyes,
To be so richly blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Almighty Lord, accept our vows,
Here let thy praises swell;
To thee we consecrate this house,
Here let thy presence dwell.

4 Here let thy crown and sceptre shine,
Till every tongue shall own
That thou, blest Lord! art all divine,
That thou art GOD ALONE.

No. 287.—C. M.

1 JESUS is God, and God alone,
O, be this TRUTH confest,
For 'tis the sure *foundation stone*
On which the church shall rest.

2 Though modern builders pass it by,
And scribes and priests reject,
On this blest TRUTH, which they deny,
We now the church erect.

3 Though earth and hell against it join,
Yet must this building rise:
The work, Almighty God, is thine,
And wond'rous in our eyes.

4 Here will we take our joyful rest,
Nor e'er from Salem roam:
For ever, and for ever blest,
In this, our happy home.

No. 288.—P. M.

MIRIAM's SONG.

1 SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumph'd, his people are free.
Sing! for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave;
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.

2 Praise to the conqueror, praise to the Lord,
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dash'd in the tide.

No. 289.—C. M.

BAPTISM.

1 JESUS, our God, we come to thee,
And bring our infant race;
In thine own kingdom may they be;
O give them there a place.

2 What thou appointest we obey,
As guided by thy Word,
And at thy feet our children lay;
Receive and own them, Lord.

3 When on this earth, thy blessed arms
Embrac'd the infant race;
Thou bless'd their souls, and didst from harms
Preserve them by thy grace.

4 Our offspring, now baptiz'd, are giv'n
To thee our God and Lord:
O lead them in the way to heav'n,
And teach them by thy Word.

5 In thy new church may they abide,
In truth and goodness rise;
Be thou alone their God and guide,
Till rais'd to better skies.

No. 290.—L. M.

1 EXCEPT a man be born again
His life is sin, his end is pain:
He walks in error's darkest night,
Nor sees the beams of heav'nly light.

2 Far from the Truth he loves to roam,
Forgetting Heaven, his bliss, his home;
He seeks on earth the joys of love,
Nor thinks of God, nor looks above.

3 But when the Spirit's holy wind
Blows on the soul and moves the mind,
He sees his sins, his sorrows, all;
And mercy! mercy! is his call.

4 Bless'd Shepherd, these have sought thy face
And now desire to know thy grace;
They own thee as their God and King,
Of life the source, of bliss the spring.

5 O! while they here confess thy name,
Kindle their hearts; their minds inflame
With pure desire to walk the road
Which leads them to thine image, God.

6 Baptiz'd with water, they confess
Their wish to follow righteousness;
To take the cross, to conquer sin,
And seek a holiness within.

No. 291.—C. M.

1 ATTEND, ye children of your God;
Ye heirs of glory hear,
For accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's name,
Your souls to sin should die;
With Christ your Lord to live anew,
With Christ to dwell on high.

3 There, on his holy throne he sits,
With robes divinely fair;
Yet owns himself your Saviour still,
And your forerunner there.

4 Rise from earthly trifles, rise
On wings of truth and love;
Above, your choicest treasure lies,
And be your hearts above.

5 But earth and sin would drag us down,
When we attempt to fly:
Lord, may thy strong attractive pow'r
Raise us, and fix us high.

No. 292.—8s & 7s.

HEAR the bless'd Redeemer call you,
Listen to his gracious voice;
Dread no ills that can befall you,
While you make his ways your choice:
Jesus says, "Let each believer
"Be baptized in my name:"
He himself in Jordan's river
Was immersed beneath the stream.

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The 1st American New Church
hymn book was the Baltimore
reprint of Joseph Proud's
Hymns and Spiritual Songs
in 1792 (which I have)

The 1st wholly compiled
hymn book was the Rev
of Worship & Hymns for
the 1st New Church in
[illegible]